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The Blaine-Conkling Drama

By Postmaster-General

Charles Emory Smith

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

How Conkling Missed Nominating Blaine

By Charles Emory Smith

Postmaster-General of the United States

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Roscoe Conkling

James G. Blaine

THE lifelong feud of Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine was one of the signal and vivid episodes of later American politics. Beginning with the famous and fiery parliamentary combat in 1866 over the charges of Provost-Marshal Fry, it ended only when death dropped the curtain on the drama. Both of the actors were born gladiators. Widely different, neither has been surpassed in power of forensic controversy. When these political and oratorical chieftains crossed swords it was indeed Greek meeting Greek.

Different in method, they were no less different in nature. Mr. Blaine was generous, impulsive and kind-hearted. He cherished no resentments. Mr. Conkling was sensitive, self-conscious, exacting and implacable. He had a lofty and haughty, but honorable, pride. In his friendships he was unrestrained and in his enmities unrelenting. Mr. Blaine would have been as ready, upon the asking, to clasp hands as he was, upon the provocation, to cross swords. But Mr. Conkling's pride had been wounded; he felt that his honor had been assailed, and through the long succeeding years "still rankled in his side the fatal dart."

The Silent Hostility of the Leaders

From the hour of that early battle in the House they never spoke to each other. They sat side by side in the Senate; they joined in the same debate; they replied indirectly to each other; their friends at times conferred and arranged; but between the chiefs no sign of recognition passed. The quarrel had personal consequences which it is difficult to estimate. Mr. Blaine was a great popular leader and the idol of a large portion of his party. Mr. Conkling held the mastery of the party organization in the pivotal State of New York, and exercised a wide sway over party leaders elsewhere. The conflict of these opposing forces, both strongly entrenched, influenced, if it did not mould, events for a long series of years. Mr. Blaine, who came so near being nominated for President in 1876, would certainly have carried off the prize but for the strenuous earnestness of the powerful organization against him of which Mr. Conkling was the master spirit; an earnestness which was intensified by his vehement antagonism.

With this depth of personal feeling, it would have been extraordinary if Mr. Blaine had been nominated for President under Mr. Conkling's leadership and by his deliberate and avowed act. Such a *dénouement* under such conditions would have been one of the most surprising and dramatic chapters of American politics. So irreconcilable does it appear with Mr. Conkling's long-cherished and undisguised sentiment that it would generally be regarded as incredible and impossible. And yet, strange as it may seem, there are reasons for believing that the Republican National Convention of 1880 was on the edge of this spectacular and thrilling exhibition. The circumstances which point in that direction constitute one of the most interesting unwritten stories of personal and party history, and whatever deduction be drawn from a conclusion which is somewhat veiled, the facts that lead up to it will serve to soften the impression of an uncompromising hostility.

The battle of 1880 was the culminating struggle between the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds. The Republican party was divided into two great camps. One was for Grant and the other for Blaine. There were small outlying detachments for Sherman, Edmunds, and others, but the battle royal was between the Stalwart forces that were marshaled like a solid phalanx for the hero of the Civil War, and the no less ardent but less compact and disciplined followers of the Plumed Knight. Of the movement for Grant, Roscoe Conkling was the life and the soul. He entered into it with a zeal and vigor which he never carried into any other contest. At the beginning of Grant's Administration he had been rather at outs, but he came to be Grant's stoutest friend and his most conspicuous champion. For him the third term had no terrors. He believed in Grant's chivalry and public devotion; he felt that the glamour of the war and the record of his Administration would make Grant invincible; he disdained what he considered the flabbiness of the Hayes régime and sighed for the strong meat of lusty partyism; and so he threw himself into the campaign for Grant with an unquailing spirit and a robust force that fired the Stalwart column and held it like an iron band.

Most of the participants in the contest were ardent partisans of one or the other of the two great leaders. But there were some who, whatever their preference, were friendly to both and did not want to see a mutually destructive rivalry. Their efforts were directed to conciliation and to a common understanding which would rule out any third candidate and limit the choice to the two chief contestants.

The Earnest Counsel of Senator Jones

Of this class of advisers perhaps the ablest and most effective was Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada. His counsel was clear-cut and earnest. "The country wants either Grant or Blaine; it does not want a dark horse; if Grant can't be nominated, then take Blaine; if Blaine can't be nominated, then take Grant; but don't let them kill off each other, and so nominate a candidate whom nobody wants." To the writer, who met Senator Jones several times in 1880 prior to the National Convention, he invariably held this attitude, and he indicated that he was assiduously repeating the plea where it would do the most good.

The significance and importance of his position lay in the fact that he was the close friend of Senator Conkling and probably had more influence with him than any other man in the country except General Grant himself. Wholly unlike in temperament and manner, they had a rare intellectual affinity and personal devotion. Then, as now, Senator Jones had an extremely interesting personality. The range of his knowledge was extraordinary; his mind was singularly alert and fecund; his not frequent speeches were perfect magazines of research and information; he had the liveliest sense of humor and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote; his talk was animated and brilliant, and gleamed with wit and story and vivid illustration. Happily he still adorns the Senate, and though perhaps less active than when he was the congenial associate of "the great ones gone forever by," his powers are yet undimmed; but the past tense is used because this is a chapter of twenty-one years ago. Besides furnishing the most entertaining and vivacious companionship, Senator Jones was one of the few men who could face Mr. Conkling on equal terms. He was his peer as a Senator; he was his match in repartee; he had neither the timidity that shrinks nor the homage that is blind; he could meet prejudice with persuasion, unreason with ridicule, and imperiousness with unabashed courage and consuming disdain. All in all he had the position and the attributes that made him both the devoted friend and the wholesome check of the great New York Senator.

Though Senator Jones was favorable to Grant, he was well disposed to Blaine, and firmly believed that party sentiment and political sense dictated the choice of one or the other. He contended that Grant and Blaine both represented vigorous and aggressive party spirit; that there was no antagonism of general purpose and policy, but only the rival enthusiasm of equally strong and earnest followers; and that it would thwart the party will if the friends of these chiefs, who divided the party between them, should carry their contest to the point of defeating both and throw the nomination to some unknown and unpremeditated third candidate who represented no popular demand. This argument Senator Jones ingeniously and steadily pressed on Mr. Conkling and the other Grant leaders through the weeks preceding the National Convention.

Blaine Ready to See His Rival Chosen

There were other circumstances and incidents calculated to exercise an influence in the same direction. Mr. Conkling could hardly fail to be deeply impressed by an expression of Mr. Blaine which came to him at that time. Henry W. Blair, then Senator from New Hampshire, was one of Blaine's active and zealous supporters. In talking with Mr. Blaine one day he suggested a rather novel idea. He said in substance: "You know, Mr. Blaine, that I am your devoted friend; I shall do all I can to secure your nomination; but it is the part of prudent men to provide an alternative course, and if it shall be found impossible to nominate you what do you want your friends to do?" Mr. Blaine replied that he was grateful to his friends for their support, that he had no right to ask anything of them beyond that, and that in the contingency suggested he could not undertake to advise them what they should do, and they must judge for themselves. To this Mr. Blair rejoined: "Well, for one, I want a positive man; I don't want a milk-and-water candidate; I am opposed to Grant on principle because I don't believe in a Third Term; now, if you can't be nominated, what do you say to Conkling?"

It can well be imagined that, in view of their relations, this must have been a somewhat startling proposition to Mr. Blaine. But after a moment's reflection he answered: "Yes, Conkling is a strong man and New York is a great and necessary State; we must have New York and Conkling can carry it; yes, nominate Conkling, if you think best." It was not a premeditated expression and had no occult purpose, but was elicited by an unexpected suggestion. If there was any mental reservation, no man can ever know it. Mr. Blaine was frank, open and magnanimous in nature, and he spoke on his impulse. Mr. Blair related what had taken place to General Thomas L. James, then postmaster of New York City, afterward Postmaster-General in the Garfield Cabinet, a true and staunch friend of Mr. Conkling, a man of sound judgment, great abilities and the most attractive qualities. General James in turn communicated it to Mr. Conkling, and in a letter he describes the effect: "When I told Senator Conkling what had occurred between Senator Blair and myself, he seemed greatly surprised, got up and walked up and down the postmaster's office in this city, and finally came back to me and said: 'This surprises me. What Senator Blaine says is worthy of consideration.' At the same time he expressed his irrevocable purpose to secure the nomination of General Grant, if that could be done, and he was certain that it could be done."

This was not the only event which showed at least a recognition of each other's position on the part of the two hostile leaders. There had been troubles on the Mexican border, and Senator Conkling offered a resolution for a committee of investigation. Under the parliamentary practice he was entitled to be named as chairman, but it is known to his friends that he suggested that the chairmanship should be given to Mr. Blaine, who had at an earlier stage manifested an interest and taken action on the same subject. Mr. Blaine declined on the ground that the position was rightfully Mr. Conkling's, and the latter was appointed. But the incident, which occurred months before the contest of 1880, indicated a measure of common deference.

The convention of 1880 was the most picturesque, the most absorbing and the most notable since that which nominated Lincoln in 1860. It was a convention of great figures, stormy scenes and intense struggle. Among the delegates were such national leaders as William P. Frye, Eugene Hale, John A. Logan, Benjamin Harrison, Don Cameron, and George F. Hoar, who presided. But towering above all others in the contentions and in the oratory of that tumultuous assemblage were James A. Garfield and Roscoe Conkling. From the first hour Mr. Conkling took absolute command of the Grant column, and he fought the long and arduous battle with a steadfastness, an intrepidity and a consummate mastery of all parliamentary weapons which secured the admiration even of his bitter foes. There was a note of challenge and almost of defiance in his very opening words. No point in the struggle escaped him. His dauntless spirit, his caustic irony, his sardonic humor, his rich and copious diction, his rotund eloquence, fascinated the crowd. His bold and fearless

leadership was of the quality which banded his followers with links of steel without winning any converts.

The intellectual duel between Garfield and Conkling, which was the feature of the convention, vividly illustrated two distinct types. Conkling was the more incisive and Garfield the more persuasive. Conkling was statuesque and Garfield was flexible. Conkling made you feel his power and Garfield made you feel his reason. When Garfield, after winning the sympathy of the convention by his effective plea for free conscience and independent judgment in the issue over the West Virginia delegates, followed with his dexterous speech for Sherman, he impressed the vast throng with his breadth and sobriety, and that finally nominated him. When Conkling showed his practiced art by leaving the platform and mounting one of the reporters' tables thirty feet away, so as to be eye to eye with his jury, and then made his wonderful speech for Grant, so exuberant, so ingenious, so stinging at points, he inspired the same feeling as a gladiator in the arena. Garfield filled you with a sense of his cause and Conkling with a sense of his own tremendous individuality and force.

And so the climax approached. On the fifth day the convention began balloting. The first ballot resulted as follows: Ulysses S. Grant 304, James G. Blaine 284, John Sherman 93, George F. Edmunds 34, Elihu B. Washburne 30, William Windom 10; necessary to a choice, 378. Twenty-eight ballots were taken that day with little variation. The sixth day dawned with a feeling of eager expectancy. Mr. Conkling walked to the Wigwam with General James. On the way he said to his friend:

"I think a nomination will be made to-day, and no angle-worm ticket shall be nominated."

The peculiar descriptive phrase must be remembered, for it has significance, and we shall hear of it again. A few ballots followed with little change. Then, near the close of the thirty-fifth ballot, Wisconsin, almost the last on the roll and a State which had been voting steadily for Blaine, thrilled the vast crowd by casting her solid vote for James A. Garfield.

Conkling's Chance to Name Blaine

The crisis was now at hand. One column had been broken. Some immediate result was sure. The thirty-sixth ballot opened amid the most intense excitement. The Grant column stood grim and firm. Some of the Blaine States still stood fast and some swung to Garfield. Amid this wavering Maine was reached, and Maine, the State of Blaine, cast her vote for Garfield. That was the signal that Blaine's friends recognized the hopelessness of his cause, and sought to rally all the opponents of Grant on the new candidate. It was at that fateful moment that Senator John P. Jones, who had for weeks been diligently preparing the way by his arguments, hurried around to Senator Conkling and anxiously whispered: "Now is your chance to do the great act; throw the vote of New York for Blaine." But New York follows close after Maine on the roll, and Mr. Conkling answered: "There isn't time to poll the delegation." "Cast the vote," responded Jones, "and poll the delegation afterward." But almost while they spoke New York was called; the momentous decision, which must have been instantaneous to be effective, quivered and was delayed; the stampede was not checked, and Garfield was nominated.

Had Mr. Conkling followed Senator Jones' advice and cast the vote of New York for Blaine it would undoubtedly have changed the fate of the day. It would instantly have stopped the swing to Garfield and would have carried back those who had already swung to him. More than that, the Grant column implicitly followed Conkling and would have gone wherever he pointed the way. Whether Mr. Conkling really meditated that crucial step, whether he would have taken it if there had been a little more time, no man can absolutely answer, for no man could altogether fathom the recesses of his mind. He was well-nigh inscrutable. But there were facts which pointed to such thought, as already indicated, and there are further indications of the same kind. The writer of this article left Chicago the morning following the nomination on the same train with Senator Conkling, and spent much of the day with him. Senator Conkling spoke with great freedom, and unreservedly said that he would far rather have had Blaine nominated than Garfield. In that conversation, with his strong prejudices, he described Garfield as an "angle-worm," the very word he used when he told General James the day before that "no angle-worm ticket shall be nominated." He may or may not have had Garfield in his mind when he made that prediction; it is probable that he was defining what he considered a type rather than an individual. The steady plea of Senator Jones and others that either Grant or Blaine should be nominated had undoubtedly made an impression on him. His biography, in describing his attitude as to the Presidency, says: "He further declared that either Grant or Blaine should be nominated, and that there must be no dark horse."

A Splendid and Dramatic Possibility

If it be almost inconceivable that Mr. Conkling could be brought to tolerate one toward whom he had such personal resentment as he undoubtedly had toward Mr. Blaine, it is to be remembered that, whatever their personal differences, mutual friends had enforced the possibility of a full political understanding. He doubtless had less personal feeling against Garfield than against Blaine. But, on the other hand, it was urged upon him that Blaine represented the same general party spirit and purposes which he himself embodied, and that a satisfactory adjustment could be reached. His objection to Blaine grew out of an incident; his objection to Garfield was temperamental.

At any rate there was more than enough in the undercurrents leading up to the nomination of 1880 to stimulate and justify the most interesting speculations as to the possibilities, and certainly there was never anything more dramatic in the history of American politics, whether for the immediate audience, sure at first to be dazed and then exultant, or for the wider country, sure at first to be astonished and then enthusiastic, than would have been the sudden turn by which James G. Blaine should have been nominated for the Presidency under the inspiration of Roscoe Conkling!

The Homeseekers' Limited

By George Horton

IF YOU take a sleeper at Evansville it will cost you three dollars apiece, while if you wait a couple of hours longer, it will only be two dollars apiece. But why take sleepers at all? With three dollars you can set out an orange tree that will begin bearing in five years, and should yield $100 per year. $100 is the income of $2000 at five per cent. There you are! Think of your three dollars as though it were $2000—which it is, now that you have gone in with us."

It was Mr. William Anderson, of the Southern Homes and Paradise Land Company, who was speaking. Mr. Anderson resembled Napoleon Bonaparte in contour of countenance. In addition, he had a paternal manner, and innocent, deprecating, appealing blue eyes. Truth lay in the bottom of them like clear water in a well; and he fairly palpitated with enthusiasm. Laying his hand caressingly upon Mr. Albert Crombie's arm and turning his head slightly to one side that he might gaze the more effectively into Miss Gertrude Smith's eyes, he continued: "You must pardon my talking to you in this manner, but I feel toward you two as though I were your father. I feel it my duty to advise you as though you were children of mine."

"That's what we want you to do," said Miss Smith, laying her hand nervously upon the wrist of the real-estate Napoleon, and leaning toward him anxiously. "We want you to feel that you are responsible for us, and that you will be haunted by remorse all the rest of your life if you make us lose our money."

"For my own sake as well as for yours," replied Mr. Anderson solemnly. "It would ruin my business if things did not turn out well with you."

He went staggering down the aisle of the Homeseekers' Limited, leaving behind a strong smell of perfume, and sat upon the arm of a seat containing a middle-aged woman from Illinois. Taking the prospectus of the Southern Homes and Paradise Land Company from his pocket, he opened it out, and for the twentieth time pointed to Mrs. Wilson the exact locality of the forty acres which were to make her an independent and happy woman for the rest of her life.

"I don't believe I can afford a sleeper, anyhow," sighed Miss Smith. "I've only got $400 in cash, and I have to finish my house, buy some hens, a cow and a pig, and lay in some provisions for the winter. I shall not get any returns from my orange trees for a year."

They were quite out of Chicago now, whizzing southward on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. A cold rain slanted earthward through the gray October evening, and the little clusters of houses through which they dashed every few moments, with a sharp clatter of switches, looked forlorn and bedraggled. Occasionally a man tiptoed to shelter with long steps, pushing his umbrella against the rain, or an evanescent group of children waved frantically at them from the door of a house.

"I can't believe that that man is taking us in," sighed Miss Smith. "At any rate, it won't be healthy for him if he hasn't told me the truth!" Mr. Crombie looked at her with a gleam of admiration dawning behind his spectacles. Anger made her sallow cheek flush, and her eyes sparkle. She had pretty eyes, he noticed, of that reddish-brown tint peculiar to red-headed women. The irrepressible Anderson had already told him that she was a primary school-teacher in Chicago, who had saved up enough money to buy twenty acres from him in Escambia County. As for the rest, she was petite, her hair was red and fluffy, and she moved with startling and unexpected little jerks. Doubtless her mental action was of the same nature, for in a moment of disgust with the drudgery of her position and pique at the advancement of a rival with some sort of a "pull," she had bought an orange grove and a "nearly finished house" in Escambia County, the land of eternal summer.

"Are you going to locate?" she asked suddenly of her companion.

"I suppose I'll have to," he replied. "It's a matter of live or die with me;" and he turned his head away to cough quite distressingly, after the manner of amateur consumptives, whenever they make reference to their malady. A thin film of tears quenched for a moment the reddish tint in Miss Smith's eyes. She was very sympathetic and her companion was so interesting.

"You'll get all right down South," she said. "Chicago is a nasty climate: it's enough to kill any one."

"My business was against me, too," observed Mr. Crombie. "You see I read night telegraph copy and I have to go home at four o'clock in the morning—sometimes with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. Then, besides, day sleep doesn't do you as much good as night sleep. My only hope is to get right next to the soil—to dig it up and smell it."

"Have you bought yet?"

"Unsight and unseen? Not on your life. I am going down to look it over, and if it's one-tenth as good as Anderson says, I shall buy. Several of the fellows in our office have bought Southern land. It's cheap, anyway."

Mr. Crombie wore a twenty-dollar ulster, with an enormous collar. His cheeks were sallow and somewhat sunken, and, although he was cleanly shaven, so much of his light brown hair straggled down the back of his neck and in front of his ears, that he had an unkempt appearance. With the first critical glance which Miss Smith had cast at him she had noticed that a few feminine touches would have almost transformed him. He had not needed to tell her that he was unmarried.

"For one thing," she thought, "if I were his sister, or his mother, or his wife, I'd make him wear a *pince-nez*. And there's no earthly need of such big glasses."

It was getting dark now. They had left the rainstorm behind them, and by peering through the pane they could see a slate-colored world covered with corn-shocks—the stacked muskets of a mighty army. They passed over a high bridge, beneath which a river of black ink wound away into distant night. The electric lights of a city suddenly bloomed—thick clusters, parallel lines that marked the streets, sporadic groups in the distance. During the brief space in which the train halted, a bouquet of children representing twenty years of matrimony and occupying two entire seats, gathered in a window shrieking in chorus:

"What town is this, mamma? What town is this?"

Several passengers walked hurriedly to the front platform, stumbling over satchels in the aisle as they went, and a sandy-whiskered man with an old fashioned carpetbag, who lived at Vincennes, shouted "Terre Hut!" to an inquiring fellow-passenger.

Several new people got upon the car and walked down the aisle in search of places, holding their baggage well in front of their stomachs. The engine gave an impatient jerk, bumping all the cars together. Mr. Anderson took occasion of the momentary confusion to look out for the accommodations of his party. Grabbing a satchel and a coat from a

Mr. Anderson resembled Napoleon Bonaparte in contour of countenance

rack, he dropped them into an unoccupied seat, and himself sat down as inclusively as possible in another.

"Everything all taken here," he volunteered to the newcomers. "There's plenty of room in the car ahead." With remarkable skill and vigilance he held nearly the entire car for his own party of twenty, that they might be able to turn down the seats at night and get as much rest as possible.

People who are cross from want of sleep are not ready buyers.

The train started again, and Mr. Anderson passed from front to rear of the carriage, smiling paternally upon his people, and distributing cheery words.

"You'll be in the land of eternal summer to-morrow night," he said to one. "By this time next year you'll be picking oranges off o' your own trees.

"Do you know what a Japanese persimmon is? They bring ten cents apiece on the tree!

"There's no winter in Escambia County, and the summers aren't as hot as they are right back where you come from—right back there in Chicago."

There was nothing about him that suggested the merchant or the agent. He was rather a Moses, a good fellow, a friend. He was so cheerful and inspiring, too! All doubt disappeared in his radiating presence. Leaning over Mr. Crombie and Miss Smith, he said to the former: "You'll be eating four meals a day inside a year and asking yourself why you lived in Chicago so long. Two or three more trips and I shall be with you. I shall come down and live on my own land." And to Miss Smith: "You're luckier than the rest of us! Your place is an income producer now. You don't have to wait two or three years for your trees to grow."

All over the car could be heard occasional scraps of conversation, rising above the clatter of the wheels and the roar of the train:

"I shall go in for light stock—hens and ducks."

"Sheep can live all the year 'round. They pay——"

"Even if the oranges freeze up——"

"I suppose they do sell, but I can't bear a Japanese persimmon, nohow! Tastes like——"

"Well," whispered Mr. Anderson, in a tone that made Mr. Crombie and Miss Smith think that he had taken them into his especial confidence, "I must go and jolly up my old woman again."

He started for her, but a sinewy arm shot out and pulled him down beside a farmer from Elgin, who asked: "How much wood is they left standing on that land?"

"Do you know who all these people are?" Crombie asked of his fellow-passenger. "No? He told me about some of them. That young man sleeping there is connected in some way with Lincoln Park, in Chicago. He bought 160 acres, unsight and unseen, and has had ten of it improved. He is now going down to see it for the first time. The old lady in black, the one with the gray hair and the shawl, has just lost a son by consumption. There are four more boys, all grown up, and they live on a farm near Danville. She wants to find a piece of land on which they can all work and, incidentally, not die. Their father died of consumption." Here Mr. Crombie stopped to cough.

"They'll all get well down there," said Miss Smith, deeply affected. "Change of climate always cures consumption, when it has not gone too far."

"Oh, I haven't got it yet—not regular consumption," explained Mr. Crombie. "Just threatened with it. But that was enough to frighten me away. The old farmer there, the one with the full beard and clean-shaven upper lip, is from Indiana. He wants to raise cattle and sell butter to Northern tourists. He says his wife is the 'best butter-maker in western Indiany.' He thinks he can get fifty cents a pound for her churnings down South."

"I bet I could make butter, too," remarked Miss Smith; "but I suppose it will take all my time looking after the orange trees."

"The big, fat woman with the little, sawed-off husband and the family of children—one, two, three, four, five—don't belong exactly to Anderson's party—that is, he hasn't much hopes of them. They are all going down to a place called—called—I forget the name of it now—to fall upon an old grandmother who has a farm down there."

"Now I call that an imposition," laughed Miss Smith. "Does the old lady know they're coming?"

"I don't know. Probably if she did she'd leave—die or something."

Miss Smith laughed immoderately. "You newspaper men are so droll," she said.

Mr. Anderson passed them again.

"Here you are," he remarked to Crombie. "I've thought of a thing. If you want to go into the sheep business, all you have to do is buy a hundred acres of cheap land—say five dollars an acre, near a tract that's unsalable. Sheep, you know, will live anywhere. Then you can let them run; get a boy to look after them. You get them sheared once a year and rake in the profits. Every sheep nets three dollars from the wool, and besides, you can sell the male lambs at a high price. Isn't that better'n working nights and going home at four in the morning in the winter?"

"I don't know but there is something in that," mused Crombie, taking off his spectacles to blow on them and wipe them.

Miss Smith, who had been pressing her face to the pane while they were rattling through another small town, suddenly snapped about.

"Have you any supper?" she asked.

"No, I haven't thought of any. The fact is, I have been so interested——"

"In what? In the scenery or Mr. Anderson's collection of freaks?"

"In the one of—ah—of Mr. Anderson's party that I have seen the most of," blurted out Crombie very rapidly as soon as the awkward sentence had formed itself in his mind. Miss Smith glanced furtively at him, an angry light in her reddish-brown eyes. "I wonder if he is going to begin flirting with me," she thought.

"I wonder if he is going to begin flirting with me," she thought

But Mr. Crombie did not look at her. He continued to talk rapidly. "People make friends so quickly," he said, "when they are off together like this on a train, or a boat, or, I should fancy, in a foreign city—though I have never been out of America. Now, we might have known each other for years in Chicago and not have got so well acquainted as we have in these two or three hours that we have been together on this trip. I realized right away that you were a good fellow, and you on your part sympathized with me, and I suppose the fact that we both were on the same sort of an expedition—in the same boat—brought us together; don't you?"

No; the man was sincere; a kindly-hearted youth, who enjoyed her society. Poor fellow! He had evidently been much alone in his life. "Maybe Mr. Anderson hit it off right when he introduced us," laughed Miss Smith, "as the two most intelligent people in his party."

"So far as one at least is concerned, he——"

"Now, don't be conceited!"

"Oh, you know which one I mean!" And they both laughed merrily.

"But what about your supper?" questioned Miss Smith.

"Why, I had something in Chicago, but I haven't had any regular supper. I don't suppose we could get anything to eat?"

"Men are such helpless things," sighed the lady, tugging at the handle of a basket under the seat. Crombie helped her to bring it out, and she opened it, remarking: "Since you have known me so many years, and have discovered that I am such a good fellow, you are to take supper with me."

The basket contained fried chicken, doughnuts, jelly-cake, pie, sandwiches.

"Where'd you buy this jelly-cake?" asked Crombie, his mouth full of the delicious confection. "Tastes like my mother used to make, crust tender and the whole thing just soggy with currant jelly."

"Buy it!" exclaimed Miss Smith indignantly. "I made it myself."

"You made it yourself! Why, of course, I ought to have known. But it's been so long since I've seen a girl who made things. As for baker's jelly-cake, you know the kind. Crusts made of shirt fronts, and streaks of jelly not thicker than paint. D'you put up the whole lunch? Cook the chicken?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, I believe a man could get well of consumption even in Chicago if he had such grub as this to eat. I never want to see another beanery or hashery as long as I live! They're all alike—ham-an', beefsteak, pork chops, mutton chops, liver'n' bacon, sausage!"

Evening wore into night. The old lady with the fear of Niobe in her simple heart, began to nod and dream of her five boys. The five children who were descending upon their aged relative in Florida clambered upon their mother's ample lap or hung about her neck with that instinctive clinging which sends little things to their mother or their God when night falls. The baby had been laid flat upon its back on a vacant seat and was sleeping. All the "people" of the enterprising Anderson were composing themselves in attitudes of extraordinary awkwardness, and looked, for the most part, as uncomfortable as Chinese criminals in torture cages. Anderson, in his stockinged feet, was bustling about, giving advice, turning over seats, transforming overcoats into pillows. The lights in the car were burning dim now and the Homeseekers' Limited was plunging through darkness, carrying its little world of humanity away to a new clime, new destinies. Anderson dislodged the young employee of Lincoln Park, who had already bought his land, and turned the seat over so that it faced Crombie and Miss Smith.

"There," he said; "you can make yourselves comfortable. You can slide down on this seat and put your feet on the one ahead of you."

The forceful man fairly pushed and pulled them into position, and they rode for at least an hour in silence. At last Crombie awoke with a terrible pain in his back. The muscles had relaxed during sleep, and he had sagged down between the two seats. Arising, he straightened himself with his two hands on each side of his spinal column. Then he looked down at his fair companion, and a great wave of something like pity came over him. She was so small, so innocent-looking, so unprotected. Her head had fallen back upon the seat in the complete abandonment of fatigue. Her face seemed pale in the dim light of the lamps, and one curl had straggled downward, completely covering an eye. Her bosom rose and fell regularly with her gentle breathing. She seemed to be resting from the fatigue of years, not from that of a single day. The very awkwardness of her position made her weariness the more pitiable.

"Poor girl," thought Crombie; "she must have had a hard time in her life! Teaching school is no snap—no more than reading telegraph copy. I can't sleep, anyway—I wonder if I can't make her more comfortable?"

After a moment's thought he took several satchels and piled them up in the hiatus between the two seats. Then he opened a bundle which he had brought along and laid one of the two blankets which it contained, neatly folded, upon the satchels. A coat, taken from the rack above his head, he made into a pillow.

"Now to put the little girl to bed," he thought, and leaned over her several times, with his arms extended, in act to slide her down upon the improvised couch. But his courage failed him. "She might awake and be offended, or she might insist that she was depriving me of my seat." Finally he went in search of Anderson, whom he found in the smoker, and to whom he explained his preparations for Miss Smith's comfort.

"Go back," he said, "and slide her gently down. If she wakes up, tell her I was dying for a smoke and that we have got practically the whole car to ourselves in here."

"Hold my cigar," replied Anderson, nothing daunted by the possible necessity of telling an untruth. In five minutes he was back, a triumphant smile emanating from his sea-blue eyes.

"Never peeped," he whispered. "Just gave a little sigh of content as I straightened her out."

"Splendid!" cried Crombie with extraordinary enthusiasm, slapping Anderson's knee. So Crombie passed the night in the same seat with Anderson. He slept scarcely at all, but the man who looked like Napoleon Bonaparte would talk a while and then would say: "Well, I guess I'll take a little nap," upon which he would drop his chin upon his breast and fall asleep immediately. Occasionally he stole in among the homeseekers, and, returning, reported upon Miss Smith: "Sleeping like a babe," or "Has never moved." During the watches of the night Anderson urged upon Crombie the almost incredible profits of pecan nuts, taking up his discourse at the exact point where he had left off, even after an interruption of hours.

Morning came at last, with an infinitely patient gradation from blackness to light. Crombie was aware of its approach first by seeing the darkness apparently gather itself together, here and there, into shapes faintly resembling trees and houses. They rushed by these with a steady onward clatter of wheels, the tireless pulsing of a great iron heart and the backward sprinkle of sparks; but other similar shapes continued to appear, more and more distinctly limned. Lights shone from the windows of farmhouses for a while, but farther on, doors were thrown open and people were astir. At last a faint warmth, more a promise than a color, stole into the world. It was like the light in human eyes preceding a smile. Crombie arose and went into the car devoted especially to Mr. Anderson's people. Several men were soundly sleeping yet, and one was stertorously snoring. The children on their way to their grandmother in Florida were standing about the water tank. The little father was soothing the baby while the mother was attempting to make a surreptitious toilet. Other women were combing their hair, or shaking the dust out of their skirts, or were searching in satchels for necessary but forgotten articles. There was a great dearth of hairpins. Miss Smith was the only exception. She was sitting up straight and looked quite fresh and neat.

"You think you are real cute, don't you?" she snapped at Mr. Crombie, giving an energetic little jump.

"Why, what have I done?"

"Going off and sitting up all night, after putting me to bed like a little child!"

Crombie sat down beside her. "Anderson put you to bed," he replied. "As for me—oh, I was all right. We had the whole smoker to ourselves."

"Who are 'we'?"

"Oh," with an inclusive sweep of the hand, "Anderson and I and a few others. I hope you slept well."

"Ridiculously well. I never stirred."

Anderson hurried up. "At the next station," he said, "we stop for three minutes. Have you got anything to get coffee in?"

Miss Smith produced a fruit jar from her basket, which Crombie rinsed out. When they stopped he handed it in to Miss Smith through the window, full of coffee. He also bought an unnecessarily large supply of biscuits, doughnuts, and a pie. From a little negro they also invested in a quantity of the famous fried chicken of the South.

"Another fond delusion gone," cried Crombie as he threw his drumstick out of the window. It was coated thickly in cornmeal, soaked in lard. "This is the first sure sign of the South, however," he observed.

"There's another!" exclaimed Miss Smith, as they "slowed down" at an insignificant station. She was pointing at a bale of cotton, a great bundle of snow done up in slovenly manner. Cotton patches began to appear, looking like fields of sticks with white rags tied to them. Sometimes pickaninnies, black as patches of night, stood shoulder-high among the cotton. Little towns with bales piled upon platforms reeled toward the Homeseekers' Limited, and plunged past. Crombie and Miss Smith became children again. Looking from the window, they pointed out to each other the wonders of the new country into whose heart they were so rapidly going. The neutral tints of the North had now given place to brighter and more varied colors. Often a field of cotton was flanked by another of golden Marguerites or splendid tiger lilies. In the woods through which they passed whole trees, having put on their gorgeous autumn tints, blazed as if on fire. Negroes of all shades grew more and more numerous. Their little cabins stood high upon stilts of red brick, so as to furnish shelter for families of pigs beneath. Other cabins were mere rain-washed boxes, with a large chimney of red brick standing at one end. The negro faces in the doors were little patches of black wonder, face-shaped holes cut in a wall to let the night through. The fences were covered with gaudy garments, red and yellow, hung out to dry.

"See there!" cried Crombie. "There's a field of corn and cotton planted together." And he commenced to hum, in a passable bass: "Oh, my darling Nelly Gray." Miss Smith joined in, and they sang it clear through to the last line:

"They have taken her to Georgia,
where she wears her life away,
While she works 'mid the cotton
and the corn."

Toward noon the men of the party began to talk of buying thin flannels when they arrived at Pensacola. Miss Smith retired to the wash-room and returned attired in a blue shirt-waist, clean but crumpled.

Anderson came and sat down beside them. "Do you know," he asked, fixing his deep blue eyes upon Crombie's countenance, "what profit there is in pecans? If you don't want to buy that three hundred I told you about on Fish River, you can take a forty at Quintette—then you'll have Miss Smith for a neighbor—and set it out in pecans. They tell a story of old Colonel Snyder at Ocean Springs. When Lincoln set the slaves free the Colonel lost $50,000 worth of negroes. Well, somebody, years ago, dropped a pecan nut near his door and a tree grew up. Year before last he sold fifty dollars' worth of nuts from that one tree. 'Only think, Platt,' he said—Platt's the name of the man who tells the story—'if I'd 'a' had 999 more trees, I'd 'a' got the worth of my niggers back!' Take my advice," Anderson added, emphasizing the words with an index finger; "try pecans—that is, if you haven't settled on sheep!"

They saw occasional patches of sugar-cane now, darkly green. Many of the houses were double, with a gallery between, in which sat a rocking-chair or two. In many of the windows of the country stores hung a large sign, bearing the legend: "Use Perkins' Tasteless Chill Tonic." As they got farther South, the negroes appeared in still increasing numbers and all seemed to be resting—taking a few generations of repose after centuries of enforced labor for others. Once they saw an old colored Aunty standing at a station with a string of immense black bass, their tails dragging on the ground.

"Hey, what are those?" called out Crombie excitedly, thrusting his head from the window.

"Green trout, honey!" came back the soft-voiced answer. "Does yer want 'em?" But the Homeseekers' Limited was off again. As they drew out Crombie heard a jet-black negro girl call to a friend: "Loulou, oh, Loulou!" and the name sounded like the note of some tropic bird. At two o'clock the men began to take off their coats, and Crombie suddenly, almost in the midst of a sentence, fell sound asleep. His features relaxed and he looked so tired and hollow-cheeked that a suspicion, not unmixed with a twinge of remorse, entered the mind of Miss Smith. She went and stood by Mr. Anderson, who was reading to two farmers from Illinois passages from a book containing pictures of magnificent asparagus, glorious peaches, superb yams and fields of incredible hay and tobacco. He arose, leaving the book, and sat down with her at the farther end of the car. "I forgot to thank you for making me so comfortable last night," she said.

"Experience makes perfect," replied Mr. Anderson axiomatically. "Crombie fixed the bed nearly as well as I could have done it myself, but he admitted that he didn't know how to slide you down on to it without waking you up."

"So Mr. Crombie prepared the—the couch for me? And did he have any place to lie down himself?"

"Why, it was a little crowded in the smoker," admitted Anderson, forgetting for a moment his instructions. "But we talked nearly all night—talked and smoked with occasional naps. Have you figured yet on the possible profits from chickens, when eggs are fifty cents a dozen, as they are much of the time in Pensacola?"

Miss Smith took a seat where she could look at Crombie's face as he slept. She longed to go and place a coat in the corner of the seat and the window, and to lay his head upon it. She even arose impulsively and then sat down again, a blush upon her face. "What would the people think?" she mused. "And what would he think if he woke up?" She exaggerated his sufferings during the long night, sick as he was, and came to the conclusion that he was a modern knight errant. Tears suffused her reddish-brown eyes. Crombie slept for hours. When he awoke great patches of sand proclaimed that they were in Florida. At Flomaton the man who looked like Napoleon left them, going off with his Niobe in the direction of New Orleans, where lay the piece of land, "suitable for light stock," which he wished to show her.

"I'll see you in Pensacola to-morrow morning," he said on leaving; then turned back to add: "This country through here needs no irrigation. Plenty of rainfall, and the beautiful thing about it is that it almost invariably rains at night!"

The Homeseekers' Limited arrived in Pensacola in time for supper, and Mr. Anderson's people disposed themselves about in a rambling hotel, surrounded by double balconies. Early in the morning Crombie and Miss Smith took a train out to Quintette, to see the lady's twenty-acre farm. They found a sandy tract, neatly fenced, and that most desolate thing in the world, an unfinished house. Only the bare skeleton was there—the frame. There were a few pear trees, half dead, and two or three bushes hanging thick with soggy Japanese persimmons. There were also numerous stumps upon the place and a number of slender and very tall pines. They looked in vain for the orange grove—all they found was a few rows of dead trees, not larger than bushes. A curious native came over and they asked him where the orange trees were.

"Here," he said, sweeping his hand through the air; "right here."

"But what's the matter with 'em?" asked Crombie. "They seem to be all dead."

"Friz," sententiously replied the native, biting off a huge chew of tobacco. "All friz up, root and branch. Last winter was exceptionally cold."

He departed, and Miss Smith sat down upon the sill of her unfinished house and burst into passionate tears. Crombie turned away, feeling that her grief was sacred, and waited for it to subside. But it only increased in intensity. He simply could not stand it, so he sat down beside her, and, putting his arm around her, consoled her as if she were a child.

"There, there, now, don't cry any more. I'll see you through this. We'll fight it out together."

"But what'll I do? Boo, hoo! I haven't got money enough to finish the house! And it looks so lonely!" Two large tears rolled down her cheek and her pretty features were twisted with grief.

"Don't—now—in Heaven's name, don't!" pleaded Crombie. He had an impulse to call her by her first name, but did not know what it was. "I'll finish the house, and we won't be lonesome together. We'll raise chickens, pecans, cows, sheep, oranges—anything, anything, only don't cry." Miss Smith suddenly burst out laughing, almost hysterically.

"Do you mean that you will go into partnership with me?"

Crombie drew her to him.

"Yes, for life," he whispered. She sighed and her head fell upon his shoulder. When they arrived back in Pensacola, Anderson was there.

"You ought to have seen my old woman," he cried, "when I showed her the 160 acres I had been saving for her! She shed tears of joy, tears of joy! By the way, Crombie, I've thought of another thing. Why not try Belgian hares? This country is just suited for Belgian hares—sandy soil, warm climate. Do you know the profit there is in Belgian hares? When you get 'em just right, they bring $1500 to $2000 apiece. One hare will pay for your whole farm. All that's necessary is a small patch of yellow on the belly. I've got a forty that'll be just the thing for Belgian hares!"

Crombie beamed so with happiness that it seemed as though the sun were falling on his great spectacles.

"Maybe we'll try Belgian hares," he chuckled, "Miss Smith and I. We are going into partnership together—for life."

Mr. Anderson's countenance fell, but only for a moment. Then he brightened up and a smile broke over his face.

"I congratulate you," he said heartily. "You must dine with me to-night. The Southern Homes and Paradise Land Company must take you under its special care and see that you make a go of it." He saw advertising matter in the circumstance, yet he muttered, as he passed out on the porch:

"I should have kept 'em apart. Lost a sale by that, sure!"

"You think you are real cute, don't you?" she snapped at Mr. Crombie, giving an energetic little jump

The Interested Englishman

A STORY is told of an aristocratic English immigrant who happened to be on board of a train that was held up by robbers near Grand Junction, Colorado. The desperadoes put the conductor and fireman out on a pile of rocks alongside the tracks, and kept them covered with pistols.

Being content with pillaging the express and mail cars, they did not interfere with any of the passengers, but the Englishman was so delighted at the notion of encountering an adventure that he insisted upon leaving his car. When the porter tried to restrain him he replied: "But I want to observe how they rob a train in this blooming country, don't you know." He did actually get as far as the platform, when a bullet through his hat persuaded him to retreat.

The Japanese Emperor at Home

Entrance to the Palace at Tokyo

By Frank G. Carpenter

THIRTY-THREE years ago the Japanese Emperor, then little more than a puppet in the hands of the Shogun, or commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, broke forth from the seclusion of his palace in Kyoto and became the actual ruler of his people. With him the new Japan, a land of railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, schools and steam factories, sprang into existence, and it is now taking its place as one of the world Powers in the march of modern civilization. The Emperor, who for generations had been considered too holy for mortal eyes to see, now rides in state through the streets of Tokyo. He reviews his army on horseback, he gives receptions, dinners and garden parties, and upon the whole shows himself to his subjects as much as any of the monarchs of Europe.

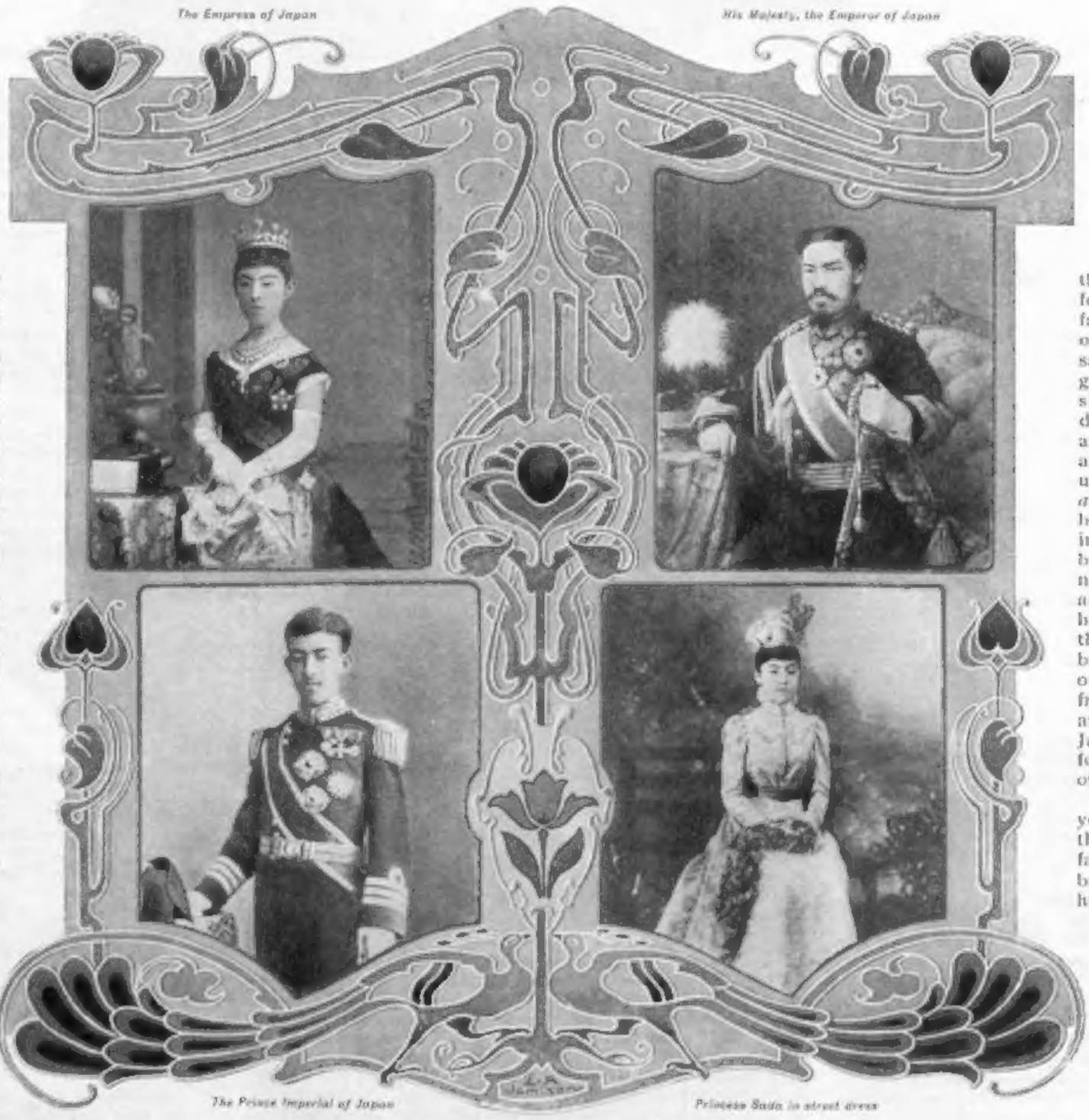
And still the world knows but little about the personality of the Japanese Emperor. This is largely on account of the reverence which the Japanese people still feel toward him. They look upon him as divinely appointed. He is to many of them the Son of Heaven, whom they reverence as their fathers did his ancestors in the days when it was death to utter the Mikado's name, and when in writing it a letter was left out from reverence.

Even now no gossip about the Mikado is published in the Japanese newspapers, and all criticism of him is tacitly forbidden in the Japanese parliament. The children everywhere are taught to revere him, and in the public schools they prostrate themselves before the portraits of His Majesty and the Empress, which are furnished by the Government for this purpose.

The Japanese are particular that foreigners visiting their country shall show proper respect to the Emperor and Empress, especially at any of the public functions in which their Majesties take part. Dress suits are specified as obligatory in all the Imperial invitations to garden parties and receptions, and those who are not so clad are kept out.

One of the unwritten laws of Japanese etiquette is that no one shall look down upon the Emperor, and whenever His Majesty goes forth in procession the foreigners are warned that they must not disregard this mark of respect. For instance, a year or so ago the Emperor decided to attend the races at Yokohama. Several days before the time notices of the line of march, printed in English and Japanese, were posted up in all the hotels. Upon the notices was also a command that all sightseers must be on the level of the ground while the royal carriage went by. The guests at the hotels were notified that they must not look out of the second and third story windows at the Emperor, and that they must keep off the porches and stand on the ground as His Majesty passed. When the Emperor's carriage stopped at the grand stand all spectators were required to come down from their seats and wait until His Majesty had taken his place in a pavilion erected especially for him high above the rest. The same program of clearing the grand stand was carried out when the Imperial guests departed, and the people did not return until he had stepped into his dark-blue landau and been driven away.

Another instance showing the respect in which the Mikado is held by the people occurred at the time of the funeral of the Viscount Mori, Minister of Education. This funeral was very imposing and the Russian Minister, so the story goes, had a platform built inside the wall so that his family and guests could stand and look down upon the Emperor and Empress as the procession passed by. They had taken their places and were looking at their Royal Majesties, when the crowd observed them and a cry went up that the foreigners were insulting the Emperor and Empress. The Japanese are as volatile as the French. The people at once became enraged and began to stone the Minister's family and the Legation, and might have done serious injury had not the military police interfered to disperse the mob.



The Empress of Japan

His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan

The Prince Imperial of Japan

Princess Sada in street dress

That is about as close as the foreigner ever gets to the Emperor. He is practically inaccessible to outsiders and the only gossip concerning him must come from the Japanese. In such sources of information I have been especially favored. Through letters from Washington I was introduced to His Majesty's High Court Chamberlain, Baron Sannomiya, the man who of all others has most to do with the members of the Imperial Family. He is at the head of His Majesty's household department, and has for years had charge of a great part of the public as well as the private affairs of the Emperor and Empress. I found Baron Sannomiya a great admirer of His Majesty. He talked freely concerning him in response to my numerous questions, and it is from several chats with him that much of this article was gathered.

But before I go into the details of the Emperor's daily life let me give you some idea of how he looks, now in his forty-eighth year. Any of you who go to Japan may see him, if our Minister at Tokyo will get you an invitation to the garden party to be held in the grounds of the Imperial Palace within the next few weeks. Imagine a tall, dark-faced man, dressed in the uniform of a General of the Japanese Army save that the coat is bordered with gold braid. Let the man stoop slightly and his walk be slow and dignified. Give him hair as black as the mane of an Orloff horse, and almost as coarse, and comb it well up in European style from a *café-au-lait* forehead, the black eyebrows of which have the high arch indicative of Japanese aristocratic birth. Let the nose be large, the nostrils full, the lips rather thick and the under jaw heavy. Let him have a thick black mustache and thin black chin whiskers. Let bright, black, intelligent eyes look out at you through almond slits from under the threatening brows, and you have a faint idea of this Japanese who is the ruler of the forty odd millions of the brightest of Asiatic peoples.

I have said he is dignified. Do you wonder that he is so? He has the bluest blood of any ruler on the face of the earth. His dynasty runs back to the gods and he is the one hundred and twenty-first emperor in one long connected line of succession. The Japanese have their history and their mythology, and according to these the present Emperor is the descendant of Jimmu Tenno, who ruled Japan six hundred and sixty years before Christ was born. The Jimmu aforesaid was descended from the Sun Goddess, so that Mutsuhito —for that is his name—traces his descent directly from the gods. As to his actually being the descendant of Jimmu, Japanese history will give you the story of each of the one hundred and nineteen Emperors between the two, and if you will but think a moment you will see how tall the Imperial ancestral tree is. It dates back to 660 B. C., back to hundreds of years before Rome became an empire, something like six hundred years before England was known to the Romans, and a thousand and odd years before Christendom

knew that Japan existed. The present Emperor was born at Kyoto, November 3, 1852, about the time when Commodore Perry first opened up the country to foreigners. He was declared heir-apparent when he was eight years old and succeeded to the throne at fifteen, on the death of his father in 1867. He was crowned in 1868 and was married at the age of seventeen, in 1869.

In Stockinged Feet Through a Big Palace

During my first visit to Japan I was shown, through the kindness of one of the Emperor's Ministers, through the palace in Kyoto where His Majesty spent his boyhood. In stockinged feet I walked through the long corridors, walled with the paintings and carvings of Japanese masters, where he played as Crown Prince. I was taken into the room where, upon a white straw mat lined with red silk, he slept upon the floor, and was shown the throne where he squatted with his legs under him when, with uncovered face, he received the foreign envoys for the first time, and from where later he sent forth the edict that he would not be a mere puppet in the hands of the Shogun, but that he would actually rule his own people.

This palace was enormous. I had to take off my shoes before I entered it for fear of soiling the white mats and the floors of black lacquer which are polished like mirrors. Everything was in the exquisite taste of the old Japan, rich but simple and artistic to an extreme. The throne itself was a great canopy consisting of four posts of black lacquer fastened together by rods from which hung curtains of white silk, embroidered with pictures of storks, birds and butterflies. The throne was inside the canopy. It was a low seat about five feet square covered with a matlike cushion upon which His Majesty sat, after the fashion of old Japan, with his legs doubled. The interior walls of the palace were sliding ones covered with gold-leaf so that many rooms could be thrown together.

In the corner of one salon I was shown a little space floored with cement upon which I was told that His Majesty knelt on earth which had been brought in for the purpose in order that he might worship his ancestors kneeling on the ground, but without going outside.

At that time the Emperor was considered holy. He went abroad only in a closely-curtained car drawn by bullocks, and no one but his wives and his highest Ministers ever saw his face. The people were taught to look upon him as a god, and when he died they thought he would at once ascend to the company of the gods. He did no work whatever, the whole authority being in the hands of the Shogun who, as chief of the army, made the laws, levied the taxes and spent the Government revenues, on the ground that His Majesty was too sacred to stoop to such menial things.

How the Emperor Eats and Works

Such was the daily life of the last Emperor of Japan. What is the daily life of His Majesty of the present? I answer by giving the gist of one of my chats with Baron Sannomiya in the household department of the palace. According to him His Majesty is as busy a monarch as sits a throne. He rises early and has his breakfast at seven or eight o'clock. As soon as breakfast is over he goes to his study and receives such Ministers of State as have matters to report to him. He knows his Ministers and understands all about their departments. He has also audiences with other important personages which keep him busy until twelve o'clock, when he stops for luncheon. After luncheon he looks over the newspapers. All the leading Japanese journals come to the palace and His Majesty watches them closely for the current public opinion.

Baron Sannomiya told me that the Emperor is much interested in the foreign press, and that the chief articles published abroad which bear upon Japan are translated for him. His Majesty is especially fond of the illustrated journals. He takes our leading magazines, the great London and New York illustrated weeklies, and delights in reading the articles in translation while he looks at the pictures. Having finished his reading there are more calls. His Majesty goes for a ride or drive until evening, when he has dinner.

The dinner of the Emperor is served in table d'hôte style and usually with all the European accompaniments. Sometimes the Crown Prince and the Empress sit down with him at this meal, although for the wife to eat with her husband is contrary to the Japanese custom. The Emperor always eats breakfast and luncheon alone. I am told he varies his meals, sometimes eating in foreign and sometimes in Japanese style.

Royal Racing, Playing and Duck Hunting

The Emperor's exercise is confined almost altogether to the grounds of his palace. These grounds are enormous, so that he can do whatever he pleases. One of the features is a race track, His Majesty being much interested in horse racing. He has about three hundred fine horses in the Royal mews, and he is always importing stallions from the United States, Europe and elsewhere to improve the breeding of his own stud and that of the army. He rides well himself and may be frequently seen upon horseback upon military occasions.

I wish I could take you through the Emperor's palace at Tokyo. No other monarch in the world has a home like it. It is right in the heart of the great city, surrounded by hundreds of acres of hill and valley, lakes and woods. Three wide moats walled with stone separate it from the rest of the city. These moats are from one hundred to two hundred feet wide. They are filled with water as clear as crystal, upon which magnificent lotus flowers float on broad sheets of green leaves. The moats are crossed by marble bridges and it requires a permit from the Government to get past the soldiers who guard the Imperial grounds from outsiders.

The palaces themselves cover about nine acres or almost three times as much ground as the Capitol at Washington. They are vast one-story buildings made after a combination of European and Japanese architecture. The walls of the rooms slide in and out, but instead of being made of paper and wood as in ordinary Japanese houses they are made of immense sheets of plate glass set in lacquered frames. The walls are so arranged that a great number of rooms can be thrown into one, and many single rooms are of enormous extent. There is a banqueting hall which takes 540 square yards of matting to cover it. There are ballrooms and drawing-rooms, libraries and studios, and there are bedrooms, some finished in European and some in Japanese style.

Magnificence and Art in the Palace

The furnishing of the palace is wonderful in its artistic beauty. Some of the rooms are ceiled with magnificent embroideries, one being covered with gold-thread tapestry, the cloth alone costing $10,000. The ceiling of the banquet hall is sprinkled with gold dust and its walls are hung with costly silks. The throne chamber where the Emperor receives the foreign Ministers has a ceiling paneled with Japanese crests. The floors are equally beautiful. Many of them are lacquered, some are of inlaid mosaic, and many are covered with the finest and softest of white mats upon which have been laid beautiful rugs. This is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent audience chambers in the world.

This palace is for the Emperor alone. The Empress has her separate establishment, and the Crown Prince is now building a palace in modern style which is to cost about three million yen in Japanese money or a million and a half dollars in gold. The new palace will be three stories high and will cover an area of three acres. It is to be a combination of foreign and Japanese architecture, and the framework is to be composed of steel and iron so fitted together that it will withstand the earthquakes so common in Japan. The steel and iron work has been made at Pittsburg and the greater part of the materials for the palace will come from the United States. Altogether there will be about four thousand tons of steel in the building, most of which has already gone across the plains to the Pacific and thence by steamer to Japan.

The Emperor of Japan has an allowance of something like two million dollars a year to keep up the Imperial establishment. He has also a large private fortune, having investments in stocks and a great deal of wealth in land. At the close of the Chinese-Japanese War, Parliament voted His Majesty twenty million yen, an amount equal to ten million gold dollars, out of the indemnity paid by the Chinese, as a mark of gratitude for his directing the naval and military operations.

Referring to the gift of twenty million yen and the Emperor's actions during the war, it is impossible for a stranger to appreciate the enthusiasm which they called forth. His Majesty left his luxurious quarters in his palace at Tokyo and took a plain house at Hiroshima, living very simply in order to be as much like the soldiers as possible. It is said he once ordered his servants to bring him a uniform worn by a soldier of second rank. He then took off his own uniform and put on the rough garments of the common soldier. He wore them about for some time, trying to put himself as far as possible in the place of a soldier and to appreciate what such a life might be. Finally he turned to one of his attendants and said:

"What privations my soldiers in Manchuria must be suffering! Nothing must be left undone to alleviate their hardships."

This story was published in the papers and in connection with other things it went far to make His Majesty one of the most popular monarchs on earth.

The love which the Japanese have for the Mikado extends also to the Empress. She has founded hospitals and schools, and she exercises to a large extent a personal supervision over them. The Empress' school gives a high-class education to the daughters of the nobles and it is almost entirely the creation of the Empress.

The Empress herself is quite learned, from a Japanese standpoint. She writes beautiful poetry in a fine Japanese hand. Many of her poems have been set to music and are now used as national songs, and a number of them have been published in the Japanese newspapers.

Some years ago, when a part of the Imperial Palace was burned, the Empress was forced to flee to one of the old Daimio houses near by. It was not at all comfortable, and, as the story goes, Her Majesty, appreciating that her subjects would be much concerned at her living in such a mean place, sat down and wrote them a little poem in which she denied that she had changed her residence. The poem, which was in the best Japanese language, stated that "Her Majesty's home had always been in the hearts of her people and that neither the flames nor the cold could ever drive her from that dear abode."

Her Majesty is just about a year older than the Emperor, although she seems younger. She is rather fine looking from a Japanese standpoint, being short and petite. She now dresses in European style, although when first married she wore Japanese clothes and blacked her teeth as did all good Japanese wives thirty years ago. To-day her teeth are as white as those of any American beauty and her clothes are of the latest Paris fashion. She has her own milliners in the palace, and she prefers to use Japanese goods for many of her court dresses. She is if anything even more Japanese in sentiment than the Emperor, and is anxious to do everything she can to advance the Japanese people.

The Mandarin in Exile

(Chinese: Sixth Century)

By R. H. Stoddard

I SEE the hall of jasper,
The marble wall and floor,
And the tapestries of satin
At the windows and door.

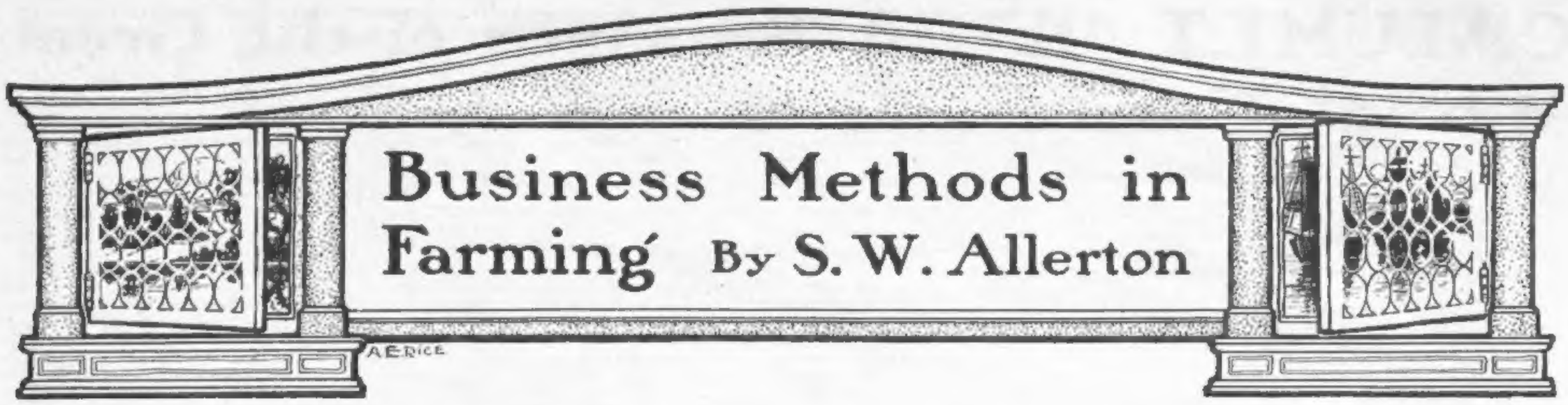
Beneath the lady's fingers
Who plies her needle there,
Flowers bud and blow so lifelike
That odors scent the air!

She sings a love-lorn ditty,
And, singing, softly grieves;
Nor longer broiders flowers,
But withered autumn leaves.

From the plum tree in the garden
The last pale blossoms fall,
And the shadows of the sparrows
Have vanished from the wall!

If I had your wings, ye swallows!
I would fly afar no more,
But back to the hall of jasper
And the lady at the door.

She is waiting and calling to us,
I hear her dying cry—
Fly, swallows, say I am coming,
And command her not to die!



Big Profits for Twentieth Century Farmers

NO MAN is entitled to a serious hearing on the subject of farming unless he proves his faith by his works. "Do you run a farm yourself and do you make it pay?" are the questions to be put to every man who has any advice to offer about farming. If he can't answer yes to both these questions his talk is mere theory and not worth listening to. If theorizing would raise crops we should have to go to college class-rooms instead of to the fields for grain on which to feed the world; but it won't, and there is no use in giving serious attention to any talk on this subject that is not backed up by sound results, of a broad, practical sort, which have been personally obtained by the man making the suggestions.

First, then, I shall give a reason for the faith that is in me, and shall state something of my experience as a farmer, before I ask any reader to accept my statements and give them any weight or practical consideration. My system of farms contains something more than 40,000 acres under careful cultivation and an equal amount in grass. These, it should be clearly understood, are not ranches, but farms. The farmhouses covered by insurance number about seventy. While these farms are, in one sense, managed at long range, they are "personally conducted," as the tourists say. The entire system centres right here in my Chicago office, and every crop is as much under my personal direction as if I followed the plow, seeded the land and went into the harvest field myself.

So much for the question of practical personal experience in farming on a large scale.

Farming that Pays Large Dividends

Now about the results. Does my farming pay? Yes. And well, too. For the sake of definiteness I can say that in one year, from a farm of 3600 acres, I have made a net profit of $37,000. This tract of land cost me but $70,000. It was bought at a time when faith in farm values was low, and when the young men of that region, at least, were in a hurry to get away from the farms into the big cities, where they would have a fair chance to make their fortunes.

Whether there is a good, big future in farming—enough to satisfy any young man with a healthy ambition to get to the front and have a fortune—is well answered by the fact that quite recently three farmers in Central Illinois left, at their death, fortunes of more than three million dollars each. This wealth was made in farming.

In the same general region I can find scores of farmers who are worth from $100,000 to $500,000. These are the straws which go to show that farming can be made to pay on a big as well as a small scale, and that it offers a satisfactory field of operation for the millionaire as well as the thrifty immigrant.

How can a large system of farms, scattered over three States, be managed from an office in a big city? By system. Lack of system is the curse of the average farmer. He may, and generally does, practice all manner of petty and exacting economies, but he will never do things on a large scale until he systematizes his entire scheme of operation. This means that he puts his economies and his activities on an automatic basis. Once established, they go on with their work in a mechanical way, leaving the man at the head free to do the thinking for the enterprise in a big way—if he is capable of it.

One of the most important things in running a string of farms is the long-distance telephone. It would be almost impossible to do farming on the syndicate plan without this means of quick communication. Suppose there is a sudden bulge in the market for corn, wheat, hogs, sheep or cattle. By the telephone I can instantly discuss shipments with the foreman of every one of the farms. This ability to move produce into the market on quick notice and thus get the benefit of a high figure means thousands of dollars in additional profits each year to the man who has a large number of farms under his control.

Chicago is the centre of the grain and live-stock trade of this country, and the advantage of being situated right here where the world's prices are made is great. Of course we have a man who is at the stockyards all the time, keeping a close eye on the prices, and buying or selling as our needs and advantage dictate.

Another end served by this quick communication from one central metropolitan office is that of having a means of meeting crop exigencies due to sudden and radical changes of weather. The man in Chicago, only a block or two distant from the Auditorium tower, is closer to the source of the weather supply than the man out on the farm. The latter knows only whether it is locally foul or fair for the moment; but here there is a chance to chat with Old Probabilities and thus to secure a better guess as to future conditions of drought or rain, wind or calm. The difference of a day in putting in a crop sometimes determines the success or failure of the yield. So as to the time for harvesting.

Then this centralization of control in an office in a big market city gives a distinct advantage in securing quick shipping facilities. When it becomes necessary to get a large amount of produce into the market on short notice, in order to secure the benefit of temporary high prices, things can be accomplished by the large shipper that could not be done by the small farmer. He can go, without the loss of a moment's time, to the general freight agent or other railroad official, and negotiate directly and personally for special facilities out of reach of the man on the farm. All these things count when the balance is struck.

Again, the system I have outlined makes possible large economies in buying. It stands to reason that the man who buys binding twine for the harvesting machines on fifty farms can secure a lower figure than one purchasing for a single farm. This applies to every kind of supply used in farm operations.

One of the biggest problems of farm management is, of course, the distribution of crops. Whenever this question comes up among farmers there is always a great deal of wise talk about "crop rotation." Sift this down to the bottom and it will be found, in most cases, that farmers understand this term to mean sowing a field for oats one year and wheat the next—alternating these crops indefinitely year after year. Here is where the chief mistake is made. They do not make provision for giving their ground a chance for rest and enrichment. They do not plan to return anything to the soil. Every field used for wheat, corn and oats should have a season's rest once every three or four years. Give each field a chance to serve as pasture land as frequently as this, and it will pay big returns in rich and heavy yields. Managed on this plan, by a man who has any knack as a corn raiser, any average Illinois or Nebraska field should yield from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn to the acre.

About thirty years ago I began farming on a tract of one hundred acres on the banks of Seneca Lake, in New York. In three years I saved $3200 from the farm and had a good living besides. It was there that I demonstrated the principle of the rotation plan which I have since followed on a larger scale. From that time until the present I have been constantly buying farms and operating them, and have yet to make the first unprofitable investment. This is why I have little patience with the man who, under average conditions, declares that there is "nothing in farming." Men who talk in this strain are those who are satisfied to get a yield of thirty-five bushels of corn or oats to the acre, when they should know that their management is at fault if they fail to produce an average of less than seventy bushels of either to the acre.

The Proper Allotment of a Farm

Here is my allotment for a farm of 160 acres: Ten acres for buildings, garden patch and a field of mangel-wurzel beets; sixty acres for pasture; sixty acres for corn; thirty acres for oats. In the second year these crops should be shifted, pasture and grass lands being turned over for cereals. The beets should be fed to sheep and hogs, and as much will be realized from the sale of wool, lambs and hogs, under this system, as would otherwise be secured from the entire product of the farm.

The showing made by an intelligent following of this plan should be fully as good as this:

From sale of wool	$ 100
" " " lambs	500
" " " hogs	500
" " " corn	900
" " " oats	300
	$2200

This allows for feeding 1500 bushels of corn out of a crop of 4500 bushels; the corn being figured at thirty cents a bushel, and the yield at seventy-five bushels an acre. The number of lambs in this estimate is one hundred, and hogs fifty. Placing the farmer's outlay for expenses at $700, this leaves him $1500 clear. I believe this to be a very conservative estimate of what any good farm may be made to pay, for I have generally exceeded this figure in the net results of my farming.

On the 3600-acre farm, to which I have alluded, the allotment followed is this: 1800 acres in corn, 900 acres in rye or oats, and the remainder in pasture. We keep 350 cattle, and sell from $8000 to $10,000 worth of hogs.

Each farm has its foreman, whose duty consists in seeing that the central office is always intelligently informed of all local conditions and affairs and that orders are promptly and efficiently carried out. All the expenses are paid by draft through the local bank. This transfers the detail bookkeeping to the central office and relieves the head farmer of clerical burdens. His only care in this particular is to see that he has a proper voucher for every item of expense and that this voucher is forwarded in the regular routine of business.

How to Get Good Workers and Foremen

There is no difficulty in getting good foremen and good hands so long as they are given the right kind of a chance to make something for themselves and to live in comfort. The foreman of my largest farm is worth $16,000, and lives in a degree of comfort that some city men who make almost that amount every year can't provide from their incomes.

First of all, the houses are kept in good repair and especial attention is paid to the kitchens. Everything within human reason that can be done to make the houses convenient for the wives of the farmers is done. Then each family is furnished with a certain number of cows. If these yield more butter than is required for the household the farmer is free to sell the surplus. The wives and children of the men who run these farms are given all the poultry they raise. These privileges are appreciated, and go to make the foreman, the hands and the tenants, together with their families, contented with their lot and eager to keep their places.

Orchards are planted on these farms, together with small fruits, and there is every encouragement to have large gardens and to keep them in good condition. Men who are well fed, having a tempting variety of the delicacies of the season, will thrive and work well where a plain and monotonous bill of fare would produce grumbling, discontent and a constant change of help.

There is not a farm in the whole system that hasn't in its equipment an extension-top buggy, and some have more than one, according to the number of young men employed. The horses which are driven behind these carriages are equal to the ones owned by the sons of neighboring farmers who work their places instead of being in the employ of a "Chicago capitalist." Here is another instance in which small expense and a little thoughtfulness work large results in loyalty and contentment.

Quite as important to the welfare of the employees and the tenants of the farms as orchards, gardens, dairies, poultry and top buggies, are good district schools. If there is not a "little red schoolhouse" on or very near a farm that comes into my possession I see to it that the authorities are offered a gift of ample ground on which to build one. On one occasion, after repeatedly pressing an offer of this kind, my foreman was asked:

"Why is that capitalist boss of yours so anxious to build a brick schoolhouse? It will simply increase his own taxes, and he will get no benefit from the improvement, having no children here to attend school."

As the foreman was a bright Irishman he had a ready answer: "Because he thinks more of your children and their chances in life than you do yourselves!"

The schoolhouse was put up on the strength of that argument, and is now well filled and helping to make good, intelligent citizens of the children who live in that region. There isn't a more important building on any farm than the little red schoolhouse! Better get along with one less barn or corn-crib than leave this bit of architecture out of the landscape.

The district school is the salvation of this country. It gives the children of the common people a chance for a good education, and that country which takes care of this class will keep at the front among the nations.

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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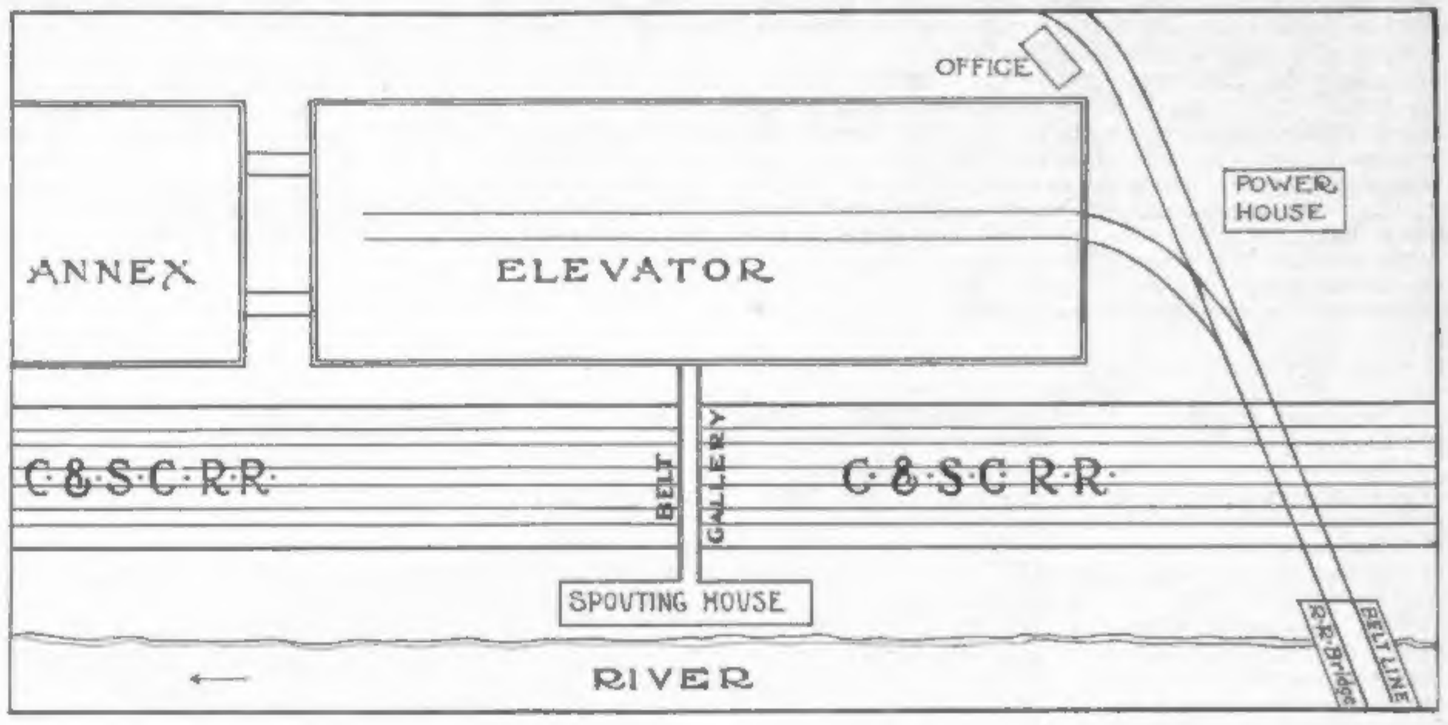
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—A big elevator, Calumet K, is in course of construction on the outskirts of Chicago. It is very important to powerful wheat speculators to have it finished on contract time, and thus to prevent the cornering of December wheat, and it is to the interest of other powerful men to delay it. The fight between the two factions is desperate, for enormous financial interests are at stake. Those whose fortunes depend on the formation of the corner are doing everything possible to delay the completion of the elevator, for without it there will be no place in which sufficient wheat to break the corner can be officially received. Bannon, a man of untiring energy, has been sent to take charge of the work and shows amazing fertility of resource. When a railroad holds back a great shipment of lumber needed for the work he enlists scores of farmers and has the lumber hauled miles across country to a lake port.



FIFTH CHAPTER

IT WAS nearly five o'clock when Bannon appeared at the elevator on Thursday. He at once sought Peterson.

"Well, what luck did you have?" asked the foreman. "Didn't you get my message?"

"Your message? Oh, sure. You said the cribbing was coming down by boat. I don't see how, though. Ledyard ain't on the lake."

"Well, it's coming just the same, two hundred thousand feet of it. What have you done about it?"

"Oh, we'll be ready for it, soon's it gets here."

They were standing at the north side of the elevator near the paling fence which bounded the C. & S. C. right of way. Bannon looked across the tracks to the wharf; the pile of timber was still there.

"Did you have any trouble with the railroad when you took your stuff across for the spouting-house?" he asked.

"Not much of any. The section boss came around and talked a little, but we only opened the fence in one place, and that seemed to suit him."

Bannon was looking about, calculating with his eyes the space that was available for the incoming lumber.

"How'd you manage that business, anyway?" asked Peterson.

"What business?"

"The cribbing. How'd you get it to the lake?"

"Oh, that was easy. I just carried it off."

"Yes, you did!"

"Look here, Pete, that timber hasn't any business out there on the wharf. We've got to have that room for the cribbing."

"That's all right. The steamer won't get in much before to-morrow night, will it?"

"We aren't doing any banking on that. I've got a notion that the Pages aren't sending out any six-mile-an-hour scow to do their quick work. That timber's got to come over here to-night. May as well put it where the carpenters can get right at it. We'll be on the cupola before long, anyhow."

"But it's five o'clock already. There's the whistle."

Bannon waited while the long blast sounded through the crisp air. Then he said:

"Offer the men double pay, and tell them that any man can go home that wants to, right now, but if they say they'll stay they've got to see it through."

Already the laborers were hurrying toward the tool house in a long, irregular line. Peterson started off, to give the word to the men before they could hand in their time checks.

"Mr. Bannon."

The foreman turned: Vogel was approaching.

"I wanted to see about that cribbing bill. How much of it's coming down by boat?"

"Two hundred thousand. You'd better help Peterson get that timber out of the way. We're holding the men."

"Yes, I've been waiting for directions about that. We can put a big gang on it, and snake it across in no time."

"You'll have to open up the fence in half a dozen places, and put on every man you've got. There's no use in making an all-night job of it."

"I'm afraid we'll have trouble with the railroad."

"No, we won't. If they kick, you send them to me. Are your arc lights in?"

"Yes, all but one or two. They were going to finish it to-day, but they ain't very spry about it."

"Tell you what you do, Max; you call them up and tell them we want a man to come out here and stay for a while. I may want to move the lights around a little. And, anyhow, they may as well clean up their job and have it done with."

He was starting back after the returning laborers when Max said:

"Mr. Bannon."

"Hello?"

"I heard you speaking about a stenographer the other day."

"Yes—what about it? Haven't you got one yet?"

"No, but I know of one that could do the work first rate."

"I want a good one—he's got to keep time besides doing the office work."

"Yes, I thought of that. I don't suppose she——"

"She? We can't have any shes on this job."

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Bannon; she's an A1 stenographer and bookkeeper; and as for keeping the time, why, I'm out on the job all day, anyhow, and I reckon I could take care of it without cutting into my work."

Bannon looked quizzically down at him.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said slowly. "Just look around at this gang of men—you know the likes of them as well as I do—and then talk to me about bringing a girl on the job." He shook his head. "I reckon it's some one you're interested in."

"Yes," said Max, "it's my sister."

Max evidently did not intend to be turned off. As he stood awaiting a reply—his broad, flat features, his long arms and bow-legs with their huge hands and feet, his fringe of brick-red hair cropping out around his cap, each contributing to the general appearance of utter homeliness—a faint smile came over Bannon's face. The half-formed thought was in his mind, "If she looks anything like that, I guess she's safe." He was silent for a moment, then he said abruptly:

"When can she start?"

"Right away."

"All right. We'll try it for a day or so and see how it goes. Tell that boy in the office that he can charge his time up to Saturday night, but he needn't stay around any longer."

Max hurried away. Group after group of laborers, peavies or cant-hooks on shoulders, were moving slowly past him toward the wharf. It was already nearly dark, and the arc lights on the elevator structure, and on the spouting-house beyond the tracks, were flaring.

He started toward the wharf, walking behind a score of the laborers.

From the east, over the flats and marshes through which the narrow, sluggish river wanders to Lake Michigan, came the hoarse whistle of a steamer. Bannon turned and looked. His view was blocked by some freight cars that were standing on the C. & S. C. tracks at some distance to the east. He ran across the tracks and out on the wharf, climbing on the timber pile, where Peterson and his gang were rolling down the big sticks with cant-hooks.

Not a quarter of a mile away was a big steamer, plowing slowly up the river; the cough of her engines and the swash of the churning water at her bow and stern could be plainly heard. Peterson stopped work for a moment, and joined him.

"Well," Bannon said, "we're in for it now. I never thought they'd make such time as this."

"She can lay up here all right till morning, I guess."

Bannon was thinking hard.

"No," he finally said, "she can't. There ain't any use of wasting all day to-morrow unloading that cribbing and getting it across."

Peterson, too, was thinking; and his eyebrows were coming together in a puzzled scowl.

"Oh," he said, "you mean to do it to-night?"

"Yes, sir. We don't get any sleep till every stick of that cribbing is over at the annex, ready for business in the morning. Your sills are laid—there's nothing in the way of starting those bins right up. This ain't an all-night job if we hustle it."

The steamer was a big lake barge with high bow and stern, and a long, low, cargo deck amidships that was piled squarely and high with yellow two-inch plank. Her crew had clearly been impressed with the need of hurry, for long before she could be worked into the wharf they had rigged the two hoists and got the donkey engines into running order, ready for work.

The Captain stood by the rail on the bridge smoking a cigar, his hand on the bell-pull.

"Where do you want it?" he called to Bannon.

"Right here, where I'm standing. You can swing your bow in just below the bridge there."

The Captain pulled the bell, and the snub-nosed craft, stirring up a whirl of mud from the bottom of the river, was brought alongside the wharf.

"Where are you going to put it?" the Captain called.

"Here. We'll clean this up as fast as we can. I want that cribbing all unloaded to-night, sure."

"That suits me," said the Captain. "I don't want to be held up here—ought to pull out the first thing in the morning."

"All right, you can do it." Bannon turned to Peterson and Vogel who had just reached the wharf. "You want to rush this, boys. I'll go over and see to the piling."

He hurried away, pausing at the office long enough to find the man sent by the electric light company, and to set him at work. The arc lamps had been placed, for the most part, where they would best illuminate the annex and the cupola of the elevator, and there was none too much light on the tracks, where the men were stumbling along, hindered rather than helped by the bright light before them. On the wharf it was less dark, for the lights of the steamer were aided by two

She did not look like the girl he had expected to see

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

on the spouting-house. Before seven o'clock Bannon had succeeded in getting two more lights up on poles, one on each side of the track.

It was just at seven that the timbers suddenly stopped coming in. Bannon looked around impatiently. The six men that had brought in the last stick were disappearing around the corner of the great, shadowy structure that shut off Bannon's view of the wharf. He waited for a moment, but no more gangs appeared, and then he ran around the elevator over the path the men had already trampled. Within the circle of light between him and the C. & S. C. tracks stood scattered groups of the laborers, and others wandered about with their hooks over their shoulders. There was a larger, less distinct crowd out on the tracks. Bannon ran through an opening in the fence, and pushed into the largest group. Here Peterson and Vogel were talking to a stupid-looking man with a sandy moustache.

"What does this mean, Pete?" he said shortly. "We can't be held up this way. Get your men back on the work."

"No, he won't," said the third man. "You can't go on with this work."

Bannon sharply looked the man over. There was in his manner a dogged authority.

"Who are you?" Bannon asked. "Who do you represent?"

"I represent the C. & S. C. railroad, and I tell you this work stops right here."

"Why?"

The man waved his arm toward the fence.

"You can't do that sort of business."

"What sort?"

"You look at that fence and then talk to me about what sort."

"What's the matter with the fence?"

"What's the matter with it! There ain't more'n a rod of it left, that's what."

Bannon's scowl relaxed.

"Oh," he said, "I see. You're the section boss, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"That's all right then. Come over here and I'll show you how we've got things fixed."

He walked across the track followed by the section boss and Pete, and pointed out the displaced sections of the fence, each of which had been carefully placed at one side.

"We'll have it up all right before morning," he said.

The man was running his fingers up under his cap.

"I don't know anything about that," he replied sullenly. "I've got my orders. We didn't make any kick when you opened up in one place, but we can't stand for all this."

He was not speaking firmly, and Bannon, watching him closely, jumped at the conclusion that his orders were not very definite. Probably his superintendent had instructed him to keep a close eye on the work, and perhaps to grant no privileges. Bannon wished he knew more about the understanding between the railroad and MacBride & Company. He felt sure, however, that an understanding did exist, or he would not have been told to go ahead.

"That's all right," he said, with an air of easy authority. "We've got to be working over your tracks for the next two months. It's as much to our interest as it is to yours to be careful, and I guess we can pull together. We've got an agreement with your general manager, and that's what goes." He turned away, but paused, and added: "I'll see that you don't have any reason to complain."

The section boss looked about with an uncertain air at the crowd of waiting men.

"Don't go too fast there——" he began.

"Look here," said Bannon. "We'll sit right down here and send a message to the general manager. That's the quickest way to settle it—tell him that we're carrying our timber across the tracks and you've stopped us."

It was a bluff, but Bannon knew his man.

"Now, how about this?" was the reply. "How long will it take you?"

"Till some time before daylight." Bannon was feeling for his pencil.

"You see that the fence goes back, will you? We ain't taking any chances, you understand."

Bannon nodded.

"All right, Max," he shouted. "Get to work there. And look here, Max," in a stern voice, "I expect you to see that the road is not blocked or delayed in any way. That's your business now, mind." He turned to the boss as the men hurried past to the wharf. "I used to be a railroad man myself—chief wrecker on the Grand Trunk—and I guess we won't have any trouble understanding each other."

Again the six long lines of men were creeping from the brightly lighted wharf across the shadowy tracks and around the end of the elevator. Bannon had held the electric light man within call, and now set him at work moving two other arc lamps to a position where they made the ground about the growing piles of timber nearly as light as day. Through the night air he could hear the thumping of the planks on the wharf. Faintly over this sound came the shouting of men and the tramp and shuffle of feet. And at intervals a train would rumble in the distance, slowly coming nearer until with a roar that swallowed all the other noises it was past. The arc lamps glowed and buzzed over the heads of the sweating, grunting men, as they came along the path, gang after gang, lifting an end of a heavy stick to the level of the steadily rising pile and sliding it home.

Bannon knew from long experience how to pile the different sizes so that each would be ready at the hands of the carpenters when the morning whistle should blow. He was all about the work, giving a hand here, an order there, always good-humored, though brusque, and always inspiriting the men with the sight of his own activity.

Toward the middle of the evening Vogel came up from the wharf with a question. As he was about to return, Bannon, who had been turning over in his mind the incident of the section boss, said:

"Wait a minute, Max. What about this railroad business—have they bothered you much before now?"

"Not very much, only in little ways. I guess it's just this section boss that does it on his own hook. He's a sort of a fool, you know, and he's got it into his head that we're trying to do him some way."

Bannon put his hands into his pockets, and studied the checkered pattern in the ground-shadow of the nearest arc lamp. Then he slowly shook his head.

"No," he said, "that ain't it. He's too big a fool to do much on his own hook. He's acting on orders of some sort, and that's just what I don't understand. As a general thing a railroad's mighty white to an elevator. Come to think of it, they said something about it up at the Office"—he was apparently speaking to himself, and Max quietly waited—"Brown said something about the C. & S. C. having got in the way a little down here, but I didn't think much about it at the time."

"What could they do?" Max asked.

"A lot if they wanted to. But that ain't what's bothering me. They haven't any connection with the G. & M., have they?"

"No"—Max shook his head—"no, not that I know of."

"Well, it's funny, that's all. The man behind those orders that the section boss talks about is the general manager; and it's my notion that we're likely to hear from him again. I'll tell you what it is. Somebody—I don't know who, but somebody—is mighty eager to keep this house from being finished by the first of January. After this I wish you'd keep your eyes open for this section boss. Have you had any trouble with the men?"

"No, only that clerk that we laid off to-day, he 'lowed he was going to make trouble. I didn't say anything about it, because they always talk like that."

"Yes, I know. What's his name?"

"Briggs."

"I guess he can't hurt us any."

Bannon turned back to his work; and Vogel disappeared in the shadows along the path.

Nine o'clock came, and the timber was still coming in. The men were growing tired and surly from the merciless strain of carrying the long, heavy sticks. The night was raw and chill. Bannon felt it as he stood directing the work, and he kept his hands in his pockets, and wished he had worn his overcoat; but the laborers, bare-armed and bare-headed, clad only in overalls or in thin trousers and cotton shirts, were shaking sweat from their eyes, and stealing moments between trips to stand where the keen lake breeze could cool them. Another half hour or so should see the last stick on the piles, and Bannon had about decided to go over to the office when he saw Vogel moving among the men, marking their time in his book.

"Here, Max," he called, adding, when Vogel had reached his side: "Just keep an eye on this, will you? I'll be at the office. Keep things going just as they are."

There was a light in the office. Bannon stepped into the doorway, and with a suppressed word of impatience stood looking at the scene within. The desk that Peterson had supplied for the use of his clerk was breast-high from the floor, built against the wall, with a high stool before it. The wall lamp had been taken down; now it stood with its reflector on the top of the desk, which was covered with books and papers. A girl was sitting on the stool, bending over a ledger and rapidly footing up columns. Bannon could not see her face, for a young fellow stood leaning over the railing by the desk, his back to the door. He had just said something and now he was laughing in a conscious manner.

Bannon quietly stepped to one side. The girl looked up for a moment and brushed her hair back from her face. The fellow spoke again in a low tone, but beyond a slight compressing of her lips she did not seem to hear him. Without a word, Bannon came forward, took him by the arm, and led him out of the door. Still holding his arm, he took a step back and looked him over.

"Let's see," he said, "you're the man that was clerking here." There was no reply.

"And your name's—what?"

"Briggs."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, did you get a message from me?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the young man, his eyes on the ground. "Max, he come around, but I wanted to wait and see you. He's a mean cuss——"

"You see me now, don't you?"

"Yes." The reply was indistinct.

"You keep out of the office after this. If I catch you in there again, I won't stop to talk. Now, clear out."

Briggs walked a little way, then turned.

"Maybe you think you can lay me off without notice—but you'll wish——"

Bannon turned back to the office, giving no heed to Briggs' last words: "I've got you fixed already." He was thinking of the girl there on the stool. She did not look like the girl he had expected to see. To be sure her hair was red, but it was not of the red that outcropped from Max's big head; it was of a dark, rich color, and it had caught the light from the lamp with such a shine as there is in new red gold. When he entered, she was again footing columns. She was slender, and her hand where it supported her forehead was white. Again Bannon stood motionless, slowly shaking his head. Then he came forward. She heard his step and looked up, as if to answer a question, letting her eyes rest on his face. He hesitated, and she quietly asked:

"What is it, please?"

"Miss Vogel?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mr. Bannon. There wasn't any need of your working to-night. I'm just keeping the men on so we can get in this cribbing. When did you come?"

"My brother telephoned to me. I wanted to look things over before starting in to-morrow."

"How do you find it?"

She hesitated, glancing over the jumble of papers on the desk.

"It hasn't been kept up very well," she presently said. "But it won't be hard, I think, to straighten it out."

Bannon leaned on the rail and glanced at the paper on which she had been setting down totals.

"I guess you'd better go home, Miss Vogel. It's after nine o'clock."

"I can finish in an hour."

"You'd better go. There'll be chances enough for night work without your making them."

She smiled, cleared up the desk, and reached for her jacket, which hung from the nail behind her. Then she paused.

"I thought I would wait for my brother, Mr. Bannon."

"That's all right. I guess we can spare him. I'll speak to him. Do you live far?"

"No; Max and I are boarding at the same place."

He had got to the door when she asked:

"Shall I put out the light?"

He turned and nodded. She was drawing on her gloves. She perhaps was not a very pretty girl, but there was something in her manner, as she stood there in the dim light, her hair straying out from beneath her white "sombrero" hat, that for the moment took Bannon far away from this environment of railroad tracks and lumber piles. He waited till she came out, then he locked the door.

"I'll walk along with you myself, if you don't mind," he said. And after they had crossed the Belt Line tracks, and he had helped her, with a little laugh from each of them, to pick her way over the switches and between the freight cars, he said: "You don't look much like your brother."

It was not a long walk to the Vogel cottage, but before they had reached it Bannon was nervous. It was not a custom with him to leave his work on such an errand. He bade her a brusque good night, and hurried back, pausing only after he had crossed the tracks, to cast his eye over the timber. There was no sign of activity, though the two arc lamps were still in place. "All in, eh?" he said.

He followed the path beside the elevator and on around the end, and then with an exclamation, he hurried forward; for there was the same idle crowd about the tracks that had been there during the trouble with the section boss—the same buzz of talk, and the idle laughter and shouting. As he ran, his foot struck a timber-end, and he sprawled forward for nearly a rod before recovering his balance; then he stopped and looked along the ground. A long line of timbers lay end to end, the timber hooks across them or near by on the ground, where they had been dropped by the laborers. On along the path, through the fence openings, and out on the tracks lay the lines of timber. Here and there Bannon passed gangs of men lounging on the ground, waiting for the order to move on. As he passed through the fence, walking on the timbers, and hurried through the crowd, which had been pushed back close to the fence, he heard a low laugh that came along like a wave from man to man. In a moment he was in front of them all.

The middle tracks were clear, excepting a group of three or four men, who stood a little to one side. Bannon could not make them out. Another crowd of laborers was pressed back against the opposite fence. These had moved apart at one of the fence openings, and as Bannon looked, two men came through, stumbling and staggering under a long ten-by-twelve timber which they were carrying on their shoulders. Bannon looked sharply; the first, a big, deep-chested man, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, was Peterson.

Bannon started forward when Max, who had been hurrying over to him, touched his arm.

"What's all this, Max?"

"I'm glad you've come. It's Grady, the walking delegate—that's him over there where those men are standing, the little fellow with his hat on one side—he's been here for ten minutes."

"Speak quick. What's the trouble?"

"First he wanted to know how much we were paying the men for night work, and I told him. Thought I might as well be civil to him. Then he said we'd got to take Briggs back, and I told him Briggs wasn't a union man, and he hadn't anything to say about it. He and Briggs seemed to know each other. Finally he came out here on the job and said we were working the men too hard—said we'd have to put ten men on the heavy sticks and eight on the others. I was going to do it, but Peterson came up and said he wouldn't do it, and Grady called the men off, just where they were. He wouldn't let 'em lift a finger. You see there's timbers all over the tracks. Then Pete got mad, and said him and Donnelly could bring a twenty-foot stick over alone, and it was all rot about putting on more men. Here they come—just look at Pete's arms! He could lift a house."

Some of the men were laughing, others growling, but all had their eyes fixed on Peterson and Donnelly as they came across the tracks, slowly picking their way, and shifting the weight a little, at every few seconds, on their shoulders. Bannon was glancing swiftly about, taking in the situation. He would not imperil his discipline by reproving Peterson before the men, so he stood for a moment, thinking, until the task should be accomplished.

"It's Briggs that did the whole business," Max was saying. "He brought the delegate around—he was blowing about it among the men when I found him."

"Is he on the job now?" Bannon asked.

"No, and I don't think he'll be around again very soon. There were some loafers with him, and they took him away."

Peterson and Donnelly had disappeared through the fence, and a few of the crowd were following, to see them get the timber clear around the building to the pile.

Have you sent out flagmen, Max?" Bannon asked

No I didn't

Get at it quick—send a man each way with a lantern and something red over them, their shirts if necessary

None of the men will dare do it while the delegate's here

Find some one—take one side yourself if you have to

Max hurried away for the lanterns Bannon walked out to the group of men on the middle tracks

"Where's Mr. Grady?" he said. One of the men pointed but the delegate gave no attention

You're Mr. Grady, are you?" said Bannon. "I'm Mr Bannon, of MacBride & Company. What's the trouble?"

The delegate was reveling in his authority: his manner was not what it was to be when he should know Bannon better He waved his hand toward the wharf

'You ought to know better than that," he said curtly

Than what?

'Than what?—than running a job the way this is run

'I think I can run this job," said Bannon quietly. "You haven't told me what's the trouble yet.'

'It's right here—you're trying to make money by putting on one man to do the work of two

How?" Bannon's quiet manner exasperated the delegate

Use your eyes, man—you can't make eight men carry a twelve by fourteen stick.'

How many shall I put on?

Ten

All right

And you'd better put eight men on the other sticks

The delegate looked up nettled that Bannon should yield so easily

"That's all right," Bannon said. "We aren't fighting the union. After this, if you've got anything to say, I wish you'd come to me with it before you call off the men Is there anything else before I start up?

Grady was chewing the stub of a cigar. He stood looking about with an ugly air, then he said: "You ain't starting up just yet

Why not?

The delegate's reply was lost in the shout that suddenly went up from the western end of the line of laborers Then came the sound of a locomotive bell and exhaust. Bannon started down the track, jumping the timbers as he ran, toward Vogel's lantern that was bobbing along toward him. The train had stopped last now it was puffing slowly forward, throwing a bright light along the rails

It's a C. & S. C. local Max shouted "Can't we clear up the right track?"

Bannon stopped and looked around. About half of the men had followed him, and were strung out in irregular groups between him and the timbers. Walking up between the groups came the delegate, with two men; he silently chewed his cigar as he walked The train was creeping along, the fireman leaning far out of the cab window, closely scanning the track for signs of an obstruction On the steps between the cars a few passengers were trying to get a view up the track; and others were running along beside the train

This has gone too far Bannon muttered He turned and shouted to the men: "Clear up that track Quick now

Some of the men started, but stopped, and all looked at the delegate. He stepped to one side and coolly looked over the train; then he raised his hand

Don't touch the timbers," he said "It ain't a mail train

His voice was not loud, but those near at hand passed the word along, and the long line of men stood motionless. By that time the train had stopped, and three of the crew had come forward They saw the timbers on the track and hurried toward them, but the delegate called out

Watch those sticks, boys! Don't let a man touch them'

There was no hesitation when the delegate spoke in that tone. A score of men blocked the way of the train crew

Bannon was angry. He stood looking at Grady with snapping eyes, and his hands closed into knotted fists. But Bannon knew the power of the unions, and he knew that a rash step now might destroy all hope of completing the contract in time. He crossed over to the delegate

What do you want?" he said gruffly

'Nothing from you

'What do you want?" Bannon repeated, and there was something in his voice that caused the delegate to check a second retort

"You'll kill these men if you work them like this They've been on the job all day

Bannon was beginning to see that Grady was more eager to make trouble than to uphold the cause of the men he was supposed to represent. In his experience with walking delegates he had not met this type before. He was proud of the fact that he had never had any serious trouble in dealing with his workmen or their representatives. Mr. MacBride was fond of saying that Bannon's tact in handling men was unequaled; but Bannon himself did not think of it in this way—to him, trouble with the laborers or the carpenters or the millwrights meant loss of time and loss of money, the two things he was putting in his time to avoid; and until now he had found walking delegates fair when fairly dealt with So he said Well, what are you asking?

These gangs ought to be relieved every two hours

'I'll do it Now clear up those timbers." The delegate turned with a scowl, and waved the men back to their work In a moment the track was clear and the train was moving slowly onward between the long lines of men

Bannon started the gangs at work. When the timbers were again coming across from the wharf in six slow moving streams that converged at the end of the elevator, he stood looking after the triangle of red lights on the last car of the train until they had grown small and close together in the distance. Then he went over to the wharf to see how much timber remained and to tell Peterson to hurry the work for he did not look for any further accommodation on the part of the C. & S. C. railroad now that a train had been stopped The steamer lay quietly at the dock, the long pile of cribbing on her deck shadowed by the high bow deck house from the lights on the spouting house. Her crew were bustling about, rigging the two hoisting engines, and making all ready for unloading when the order should be given

Peterson had been working through the timber pile from the shore side, so that now only a thin wall remained at the outer edge of the wharf. Bannon found him standing on the pile, rolling down the sticks with a peavey to where the carrying gangs could pick them up

"Better bring all your men up here, Pete and clean it all away by the steamer. She may as well begin unloading now

Bannon walked back to the tracks in time to see a handcar and trailer, packed with men, come up the track and stop near at hand. The men at once scattered, and brushing aside Bannon's laborers they began replacing the sections of fence. Bannon crossed to the section boss, who recognized him, and, without comment, handed him a telegraphed order

There's no getting around that," he said, when Bannon had read it. "That's straight from the old man."

Bannon returned it, called Peterson, and hurried with him around the elevator to find Max, who was overseeing the piling

"What'll we do?" Peterson asked as they ran; but Bannon made no reply until the three were together. Then he said, speaking shortly

"Get the wire cable off one of your hoisting engines, Pete and make one end fast as high as you can on the spouting house. We'll run it across the tracks, on a slope, down to this side. Max, you get a light rope and a running block, and hang a hook on it

"I see," said Max, eagerly You're going to run it over on a trolley

Yes The engineers have gone, haven't they?

Went at five," said Peterson

"That's all right. We'll only need the hoist at the spouting house The rest of it's just plain sliding down hill."

"But who'll run it?"

I will. Pete, you get up on the spouting house and see that they're started down Max will stay over here and watch the piling. Now rush it

Half an hour had gone before the cable could be stretched from the spouting house, high over the tracks down to the elevator structure, and before the hoisting engine could be got under steam. Meanwhile, for the third time since five o'clock the laborers stood about grumbling and growing more impatient. But, at last, it was all under way. The timbers were hoisted lightly up the side of the spouting house, hooked to the traveling block, and sent whirling down to Max's waiting hands, to be snatched away and piled by the men. But, compared with the other method, it was slow work, and Bannon found that for lack of employment, it was necessary to let half of the men go for the night

Soon, to the rattle of blocks and the tramping of feet and the calling and shouting of men was added the creak of the steamer's hoists, and the groan of her donkey engines as her crew began the work of dumping out the cribbing, by hand and steam, on the cleared space on the wharf And then, when the last big stick had gone over, Peterson began sending bundles of two inch cribbing. Before the work was finished, and the last plank from the steamer's cargo had been tossed on the pile by the annex, the first faint color was spreading over the eastern sky and the damp of a low-country morning was in the air

Bannon stopped the engine and drew the fire; Peterson and his crew clambered to the ground, and Max put on his coat and waited for the two foremen to come across the tracks When they joined him, Bannon looked sharply at him in the growing light

'Hello, Max," he said; "where did you get that black eye?'

That ain't much," Max replied. "You ought to see Briggs

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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I TRY TO AMUSE COUSIN GEORGE: A new episode in the courtship of Patricia and Mr. Featherstone-Hope, by Lilian Quiller Couch.

Back to the Ocean

THE purchase by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of the Leyland line of steamers has frightened Englishmen of imagination, but it is doubtful if even they realize its full significance. It means that America, after forty years of absorption in affairs on land, is going back to the sea. It means that the movement which in the fifties had brought the American merchant marine up to an equality with the British is to be resumed with all the tremendous momentum given by our concentrated capital and twentieth-century business methods.

Americans have seemed to be land animals so long that most foreigners have forgotten that we were ever amphibious. They have assumed that we should naturally go on forever producing goods and hiring foreign ships to carry them across the sea for us. But the truth is that Americans are, and always have been, the most efficient aquatic race on earth. Whenever they have had occasion to go to sea they have distanced all competitors, in commerce, in war and in sport. It has happened to come in their way to control the navigation of the Great Lakes, and they have made their supremacy there absolute. In Colonial times they were rapidly becoming the builders of the British merchant marine. In the early part of the nineteenth century they were bringing the world's carrying trade under their flag. They have given foreigners new ideas about building and fighting war ships, and about building and sailing yachts.

Americans have kept out of the ocean carrying trade during the past forty years because they have had more profitable work to do at home. They have had a vast continent to develop and a huge and growing protected home market to supply. They have had nearly two hundred thousand miles of railroads to build. These things have absorbed all their own capital and energy, and all the capital they could borrow abroad. They have had no time or money to waste on the less profitable ocean carrying trade.

But now the pioneer work in America is done, the home market is supplied, the railroads are built, the foreign capital borrowed has been paid off, and enormous masses of domestic capital are seeking outlets abroad. What more natural than that the first point of attack should be the nearest one—the shipping trade that comes to our doors?

This is more promising than any other kind of foreign trade. When we send our goods abroad, except to England, we have to hoist them over foreign tariff walls, and these walls may suddenly be made higher, as Russia's were the other day. But when we buy ships we meet foreign competition on equal terms. If we can meet competition over hostile tariffs, we have certainly nothing to fear on the open sea.

It is customary in England to regard British sea power as something colossal, unassailable and unmatchable. The truth is that, compared with the American railroad system, it is a very small affair. If a small part of the capital and the ferocious energy heretofore absorbed in domestic business be turned upon the ocean, it will make that marine look like half a crown, if not like thirty cents.

Heretofore the merchant fleets of the nations have been built up ship by ship. When American combinations of capital go into the business it is natural that they should carry American methods with them and do their buying by wholesale. If we are ready for a merchant marine we can get one ready made. If we choose we may again become the carriers of the world, and the indications are that we choose.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

Cuba's reform experience is like that of our own cities—simply an exchange of bosses.

Home Cure for Travel-Fever

ALMOST every one wants to travel, to visit foreign parts, to meet strange folks, to see how the rest of the world lives; but comparatively few are able to do so. Most people have to stay at home; the greater number, even, are confined to their own city, and when the longing "strange countries for to see" comes upon them they fret and fume and envy, or they shut up the desire in their hearts, where it moulds and corrupts, often spoiling weeks of life with its galling bitterness.

There is a way out of this bitterness, if one has a good imagination and is not afraid of appearing "childish"—a compromise, so to speak, between foreign travel and the weary every-day round of the same haunts in the same city.

And this is? Treat your own city as if it were a foreign one. In every large city there are many quarters entirely unknown to the ordinary inhabitant: let the travel-fevered, city-bound individual explore these places. When that irresistible longing to go somewhere, to do something "different" comes upon him, let the sufferer (and it is positive suffering that the travel fever causes) think of some foreign quarter of his city (it is taken for granted, of course, that he can't get away), and explore it; learn to know it, its people and their customs.

Take a French quarter, a German, a Syrian, a Chinese, an Italian; it makes no difference what. The nationality that interests most, or the one, if any, of whose language there may be a smattering, is a good starter. Adopt the quarter for a time. Hunt out the restaurants (eating is always sociable), talk with their proprietors, with the waiters—and in nine cases out of ten the native frequenters will join in, and as soon as you have become a familiar figure, and they find out you don't want anything, all restraint vanishes and you are really finding yourself in a foreign-thinking country. Often one may make good friends and become privileged to see the home life, which is, of course, more interesting. Naturally the people that one meets in this way are of the poorer classes; but that is just what the seeker wants; the more well-to-do adopt American customs and live as American-like as possible.

Some one may say: "But this is wrong; this is prying into private life." Not at all. If one leaves behind him condescension, and makes friends here as he would elsewhere, it is right; and the people are glad to know him. Many nationalities preserve their own games and amusements, which are interesting. And there is likely to be a Chinese theatre and an Italian marionette exhibition, both of which are distinctly worth seeing, and seeing often.

After you have become familiar with one quarter take up another. Soon your less enterprising and more prosaic acquaintances will begin to call you "cosmopolitan" (don't, however, lose your sense of humor; that's your danger), and they will desire to be "personally conducted" to your haunts, and will be delighted and amazed with your knowledge of *risotto, chow mein, Wiener schnitzel*, or grape-leaf sausages from Syria; and at your familiarity with François, Khaleel, Angelo or Beng. Caution! If once you condescend, or if you or your guests take on the manners or the methods of a "slumming party," you are lost.

"But," the objector says, "all this is childish; it is begging the question." So it is; but who so happy as the imaginative child? The only answer, however, to all objectors is—try this cure for the next travel-fever that comes upon you when you can't get away, and find out if it suits you. Only don't give up, discouraged at the very first: it is something of an acquired taste. But, it is worth acquiring, and, once acquired, the appetite increases by what it feeds on; it is a perpetual source of amusement—a new spice—and a cheap one.

—HERBERT CORLAND.

The next step of progress will put a cash register on the lawn mower.

All the Comforts of Summer

POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH has issued an order that will allow letter carriers "to wear a neat shirt waist or loose-fitting blouse, instead of coat and vest." In some of the cities movements are under way to permit policemen to forsake the heavy blue and gray cloth and blossom forth in shirt-waist attire.

It is quite certain that we are facing the greatest shirt-waist season in the country's history. The summer girl is no longer to monopolize the comforts of the summer. She has had a long run, but the time has now come when she must share her blessings with the other sex.

It is not likely that the result will add very greatly to the attractive appearance of the streets, or to the handsomeness of the crowds. The shirt waist does give a touch of color to gatherings, and this year it will probably rob the rainbow of its glory, but somehow it is not beautiful. It has an unfinished look about it that is not esthetically satisfying. It is as if the wearer had not quite completed the toilet.

But the comfort of the new apparel is evident. When we look back over the old fashion plates and recall our own experiences we find many sharp contrasts. The high collar and the heavy clothing now seem very absurd for warm weather. Yet it has taken many years to bring about the changes. The conventions were in the way. Now it is hard to say just where we stand. It may become necessary to print a weekly schedule so that those who want to dress exactly right may know what to wear and when to wear it.

Altogether the world has gained. There is not much fun in being rich or great or proud unless one can also be comfortable, and many a millionaire has envied the barefoot youngster whose single suspender was his main annoyance. Now the shirt-waist enables the millionaire to be almost as cool as the urchin. It may be another illustration of the tendency of these modern days. The rich are getting almost everything—even the comforts of the poor.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Man wants but little here below—but why is it that the small man so often marries an elephantine wife?

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Senator John W. Daniel

Senator Daniel's Soap Box

Senator John W. Daniel, the Senator-lawyer from Lynchburg, Virginia, is known to America as one of the most brilliant orators in the United States Senate, and he is known both in Washington and the South as one of the most vigorous of Southern men. To see him, to hear him talk, to remember the amount of work he has done in his day, is to believe him a man "without a lazy bone in his body."

Although not quite nineteen years of age, he entered the Confederate Army in May, 1861, as a Second Lieutenant in what became known as the "Stonewall Brigade." He became Major and Chief of Staff to General Jubal A. Early, and fought steadily throughout the war until forced to retire from wounds received at one of the battles of the Wilderness in 1864

Afterward he began the study of law and practiced with his father, the late Judge Daniel, until the death of the latter in 1873. Senator Daniel has not only been busy as a lawyer in practice, but is the author of two books which are standard legal authorities and he has been given the degree of LL.D. by Washington and Lee University and by Michigan University

After serving for some years, first as a member of the Virginia House of Delegates and then as a member of the State Senate, he was elected to the National House of Representatives. He has been a delegate to several National Democratic Conventions, has run for Governor of Virginia, and is now serving his third term as United States Senator For the two last terms he was elected without a single vote in opposition

None of the traditional indolence of the South, therefore would be associated with Senator Daniel. Yet when he was asked recently what would now give him the most pleasure, he said,

"The very thing which I intend to do and which I always do at the end of every term: go back to Lynchburg and get myself a nice, clean, comfortable soap box and tilt it up against the front door of a grocery shop I know; then sit out there and bask in the sun like an alligator while I whittle a stick with a sharp penknife

"If you want to know what an absolute delight life is, come down to Virginia and sit on that soap box with me"

Justice Jerome, the Strenuous

Few, if any, judges who are sitting on the bench—criminal or civil—in New York have attracted such widespread attention as William Travers Jerome, Justice of Special Sessions and a central figure in the present anti-vice crusades in the metropolis. Justice Jerome was born in New York City on April 18, 1859. He entered Amherst College in the class of '82. He continued his studies for three years, when his health gave out. Though he did not graduate, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him. He studied later at the Columbia Law School and was admitted to the Bar in 1884. In 1888 he was appointed a Deputy Assistant District Attorney under John R. Fellows. He served in that capacity for three years. In 1894 he assisted Recorder Goff in the Lexow Investigations and was Campaign Manager of the Committee of Seventy. Mayor Strong appointed him a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions in 1895, to serve eight years.

Justice Jerome is a born reformer of the strenuous type which was first emphasized in New York when Vice-President Roosevelt was Police Commissioner. Holding court in a gambling house is but one of the radical measures adopted by the Justice in his cooperation with the Committee of Fifteen (the Reformers)

One evening several members of the committee secured a number of warrants for the arrest of certain gamblers. Then one of the committeemen spoke up and said

"I am afraid we shall experience great difficulty in serving these warrants."

"What!" said the Justice quietly. "Difficulty in serving the warrants? I hardly think so." And the Justice buttoned up his coat and went with the raiders. Several policemen were secured in the police station of the district in which was the house to be raided. The policemen carried a broadax and crowbars. When the party reached the door of the gamblers' rooms the opening and shutting of safes, the rattle of chips and the furious ringing of a telephone bell evidenced the consternation within. The policeman with the broadax seemed confused, and fearful of the possible consequences of an exhibition of excessive zeal, and when ordered to break in the door gave a few feeble raps with the flat of the ax

"Give the ax to me," said the Justice sharply, and seizing it by the handle he swung it with all his strength and burst in the panel of the door at a blow. Then, without waiting to see whether or not he was followed, he hurled himself through the broken panel and burst into a room, crowded with sixty men, gamblers and patrons. A gambler was at the telephone frantically endeavoring to notify a neighboring resort of the presence of the raiders. The Justice rushed up to the man and with more force than ceremony removed him from the telephone. Then he placed himself at the only avenue of exit from the room and notified its sixty occupants that they were under arrest. This all occupied less than three minutes and the raid was complete

An interesting fact in connection with Justice Jerome's judicial relations with the gamblers is that few of the hundred or more who have been arraigned before him and held for indictment and trial have gone forth from his court-room with any feelings of resentment toward him and without being impressed with the justice and fair dealing of his rulings. More than one of the gamblers has received practical assistance at his hands.

A notable instance is the case of a man who had been employed by a well known gambler who escaped the raiders After he had been held for trial, Justice Jerome learned that he was destitute and without friends and that his family was in distress. He immediately, out of his own pocket, gave money to the man and sent for his wife. The woman told the Justice a simple, straightforward story: that her husband's income was cut off; that they had neither money nor friends, and that she and her four children were without food and in a few days would be without shelter. The Justice felt this to be a desperate case and relieved her distress. The man was ultimately released and, as soon as he was on his feet demonstrated his gratitude by returning to the last cent the money received from the Justice

Justice Jerome is practically indefatigable in his work, of wonderful physical strength and vital resource. For almost two weeks, when the Committee of Fifteen were busied with raids, he worked, on an average, eighteen hours a day

Besides being a judge and a drastic reformer, Justice Jerome is an expert mechanic. Unaided, he equipped his country home in Lakeville, Connecticut, with electrical appliances for lighting and heating and set up his own dynamo plant. His favorite exercise is bicycling, and when on the road, awheel, he carries a small machine shop with him, and whenever he meets a bicyclist who has had a breakdown he finds great pleasure in making the necessary repairs for him and then rides away, leaving the man wondering who his unknown helper, the mechanical genius, was

Mr. Gilder's House of Mystery

Mr Richard Watson Gilder is an enthusiastic lover of the delightful Berkshire region of Western Massachusetts, and has a summer home there. He loves to climb the hills, to drive about the charming roads, to fish in the waters

With a close friend, a well known New York artist, he set out one day for an all day drive. Both were entranced by the scenery and delighted by the succession of fine homes, old and new, that they passed

Suddenly the artist and Mr Gilder uttered an involuntary cry of pleasure, for there right in front of them, as they rounded a bend, was a delightful old home. Its pillared doorway, its fan-shaped window, its gambrel roof, its picturesque gables, its quaint old-fashioned air, were very charming, and upon it was a sign, "For Rent."

The two men left the buggy and stepped toward the house It was empty; but through the narrow-slitted windows at either side of the door the author and the artist glanced They saw a big grandfather's clock at the turn of the broad stairway; they saw an antique chair in the hall.

"What a delightful find!" cried the artist

"What a charming mystery!" exclaimed Mr Gilder

A man sauntered up from the field. He was the caretaker. "Would you like to look through the house?" he asked

Nothing would please the two men better, and the door was forthwith unlocked

Through room after room they walked. In one place stood an ample corner cupboard; in another an antique sideboard here was a great carved clawfoot sofa; there was a table with claw and ball legs; upstairs was a huge canopied four post bed with other old fashioned furniture. In short, the entire house was furnished in Colonial style

"A dream of beauty," said the artist.

How strange it seemed. What mystery, what romance, perhaps even what tragedy, lay beyond it all! Here in this ancient house were all the ancient furnishings untouched, in spite of the keen search for such things by the myriad lovers of old fashioned furniture, and the dealers whose agents go everywhere. Undoubtedly there must be some strange and striking story to explain it all.

They sought out the caretaker "What old family has lived here for all these generations? How does it happen that everything has remained untouched? Why is the old house at last without a tenant, and why is it offered to any stranger?"

The questions of the two men came eager and swift The caretaker was puzzled for a few moments, and then said

"Oh, I see what you mean. Why, this house was bought by Mr. Z., a second hand furniture dealer of New York, and he has fixed it up here, just to rent it, with things he sent up from his shop."

The author and the artist slowly retreated to their vehicle and drove away without a word

Hon. Charles Emory Smith

How Mr. Smith Turned the Tables

One of the most famous banquet orators of the United States is the Postmaster-General, Mr Charles Emory Smith There are a few eminent men to day who remember his first banquet speech. They laugh over it now and are reminded that they prophesied then that young Smith would surely make his mark as a speaker. It was a bad quarter of an hour for an orator to pass through, and he so well triumphed over the occasion that the memory of it has ever been with the men who heard him. Mr Smith confesses that he never wants to pass through so unquiet a moment again

The occasion was a great farewell dinner to Mr. Andrew D. White, of Syracuse, New York, who was leaving America on a diplomatic mission. The Mayor of Syracuse was the toastmaster of the occasion, and the guests were eminent in literature, politics and finance. Mr. Smith was at that time the editor of the Albany Journal, a powerful organ of the Republican party. He was invited to the banquet to respond to the toast given to the press.

He was in his early twenties, and this was his first speech at a great banquet. He had spoken at college reunions and several political affairs, but not at an eminent social dinner, where were gathered notable men from many professions in life. Yet he had made sufficient impression as a young speaker to be asked to respond at this banquet

He had prepared a speech that, of course, was a glowing eulogy of newspapers. He expected to be simply introduced and allowed to proceed. Instead of this the Mayor arose and said

"The next toast is to 'The Press.' It is a factor in public life with which it is useless to argue, for it will always have the last word It is also useless to condemn it, for in return it will damn you. In giving this toast I shall express myself with this sentiment: That when it has a conscience, it is a public benefactor; when it has not a conscience, it is a public curse. I introduce Mr. Charles Emory Smith."

The hundred or more guests gasped with astonishment at such a bitter and tactless introduction of the youngest speaker, and the most inexperienced one in public affairs. Then Mr. Smith and each guest divined the reason for the Mayor's words: he had vetoed a bill and in consequence closed the public schools in Syracuse. The newspapers had attacked him without mercy for this act, and chief of these papers had been the Albany Journal. In truth, the Mayor had just been exposed to one of those word lashings that the newspapers often give a public man.

In the midst of tense feeling the young orator arose. His face showed strong feeling but his manner was entirely quiet He said

"The singularly apt and felicitous words with which His Honor, the Mayor, has introduced his toast to the press are of interest. In some things which he says I heartily concur."

The guests looked up quickly; the speaker continued

"In the slight praise which I think I detected in his words I may say of it that which Disraeli said of Carlyle's praise of Oliver Cromwell: 'It is wise that Carlyle should praise Cromwell, for Cromwell would have hanged him.'"

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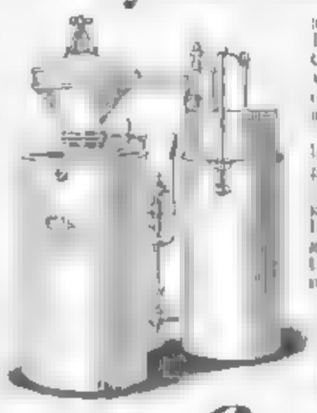

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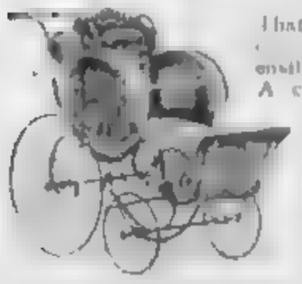

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The Memoirs of Professor Bink

By Hayden Carruth

IT WAS the custom of the amiable Mr. Milo Bush to wait until an opportunity presented itself which seemed to furnish a more or less plausible excuse for beginning one of his tales. When opportunity was slow in coming it was his method to create it, but usually so ingeniously that he was not detected. Indeed, his resources in this direction seemed inexhaustible, so I was somewhat surprised one day when he entered the office and after volubly apologizing for taking up my time frankly said that he wished to relate some reminiscences of a former resident of Sentinel Butte, one Bink—Professor Rumford Bink—and begged to make an appointment with me for this purpose. But it was evident that this was but a subterfuge, and that the narrative was at the moment ripe for delivery, so I implored him not to let me longer burst in ignorance on the vital subject of Bink, and at the same time produced a box of dry, inflammable Settler's Solace, a variety of nicotian combustible which always found ready consumption in his pipe, a cob of an ancient harvest.

I've been a wanting to tell you about Bink for quite a spell [he began]—sort o' felt it was a *dooty* I owed you, you coming here after he was gone and never having had the priv'lege of knowing him. That's where you missed it—getting here after all the good men had moseyed on. Not that they was all what you'd call successful men—far from it. The wolf many times roosted on their door steps. But they was the kind of men that would frequently reach out unbeknown and attach a large tin can to the critter's tail and give him a lively half hour.

Well, this here Rumford Bink was about the ablest man, take him all around, that ever struck the town. He was an educated man, specially strong on science. I don't mean Marquis o' Queensberry science, but genvootine science, such as tells you wot the air is made of, and how long it would take a cannon-ball to get to the moon, and why a rainbow curves down 'stead of up, like a rocking hoss. Used to call water "aitch two-oh," though he wa'n't no great hand for it after all—knowed it too well, I reckon. Many's the time I've seen him pause with a hunk of punkin-pie on his caseknife and say:

Gents, how few of us stop to realize that this pie which sustains us is really composed of two parts of nitrogen and one of prickly spasm, with a trace of potash." Then he'd go right on eating just 'sif nothing had happened. Never was no hand to parade his knowledge, or to go round with his nose in the air 'cause he knowed more'n the rest of us. Always ready to own up when he didn't know a thing. "Wot is *this* pie composed of?" says Jap Bingerford to him one day as they was eating munch at the Headquarters House. "Mr. B.," says the Perfessor, "science has its bounds. Shet up."

Besides being a scientist on air, and pie, and rainbows, and things, the Perfessor was also a living critter scientist—natterlist he called it. Could tell you just why animals wagged their tails, and what makes birds roost about on things, and why you never see a fish wink at you. Always very ready to explain to everybody—especially to the children. Used to take a great interest in the Sunday-school. Superintendent McCracken would ask him to address the scholars, and he would always do it, and tell 'em little stories to illustrate the wonders of Nature.

"Oh, my young friends," says he one day, "how many cur'ous, instructive things take place all around us, too often without our noticing. I will relate a little incident of an occurrence which happened to take place some years since when I was living in Nebrasky which will illustrate to your young minds how wonderful a thing is instinct in the dumb beasts. I had a fine setter dorg named Darwin. I one day went out hunting for prehayrie chickens. Darwin was running very fast with his nose on the ground—some years later, children, I was forced to get a brass nose made for that dorg, his natteral proboscuss being entirely worn away—he was going on, I say, when suddenly he started a prehayrie hen off her nest. She flew some twenty feet and lit on the ground. Darwin overrun somewhat, and as the hen lit he set, as is the nature of the setter dorg in both hemispheres. It chanced that he set down directly on the nest. Now, mark the wonderful instinct of them two dumb, or semi-dumb, critters. The hen seen if she flew up that I would shoot her, and that if she run on the ground that the dorg would continue to folber, and that before she could get back the eggs would become cold. So she stayed where she was, with one eye on the dorg and the other on the opposite horryzon. The dorg never stirred, it being his nature to set indefinite. I retired, my scientific thirst much excited as to the outcome. Wot happened, children? For two weeks them squashy-dumb beasts sot there, at the end of which time the eggs was hatched. I then called off the dorg and the hen gathered her chicks under her wing. But I have already exhausted my allotted time, little ones, so I will leave you to marvel on the wonders of Nature.'

Then he sot down, and the superintendent said to 'em: "Children, when we think of Perfessor Bink going forth to hunt, wot character about which we have studied does he remind us of?" and they all answered up prompt: "Nimrod!" except Abner Blackmark's boy, who never studied his lesson and was 'way behind, who shouts out "Anan.si!" and didn't get no good ticket that day.

But what I was going to tell you about particular was the Perfessor's great experiment with Webb Jackson. Wonderful hand to experiment, the Perfessor was—reckon all scientists are that way. Got a notion he could vaccinate folks for whooping cough, and sent for a lot of guinea-hens to practice on, just like other scientists; but it fell through. Always talking 'bout furren parts, and wot could be done there by an enterprising man. Planned to go to South America and graft the bread-fruit tree on the sugar-maple, and make it produce cake; but he never got started. Tried to form a company to go to Borneo and catch wild animals for circuses by digging holes in the ground like big cellars and then waiting till a yearthquake come along and shook the animals around every which way and the holes filled up with 'em; couldn't get no subscribers to the stock, though.

Always having bad luck the Perfessor was. Seemed to be his speciality. But I want to tell you 'bout that there Webb Jackson. You see the Perfessor had a darter—Matilda Susan. She—why, bad luck wa'n't no name for it with the Perfessor. "My devotion to science has been the ruination of me," he used to say. "You never seen a scientist that was forehanded. But wot a debt the world owes us!" Some folks used to wish he could collect his debt agin the world for then they might of stood some chance for doing the same ag'in' the Perfessor.

Cheerful promiser, the Perfessor was. Cute explainer, too. He'd owed old Doc Ranger ten dollars for about two years. Set a dozen dates to pay. Something always happened. Finally said he'd have it for the Doc on the fust day of May 'cause he was going to sell a span of mules to a man out in the country and would fetch the ten dollars right in. Hammered on the Doc's door 'fore breakfast that morning. Doc let him in.

"See here, Doc," says he, "promised to let you have that ten to day, didn't I?"

"Correct!" says Doc.

"Well, consairn the luck! Sold the mules as I expected, and got the money last evening. Started for town licketysplit with the roll tucked right in my coat-tail pocket. Got regularly running as I was crossing the prehayrie out about a mile, being afraid you might be abed 'fore I got here. Coat-tails flying out pretty free and cracking in the wind my speed engendered, and wot do you think happened, Doc?"

"Give it up," says Doc.

"Meteor come sizzling down—one of these here mysterious embassies from interstellar space—and cut that coat tail off slick and clean and went tearing into the yearth with that wad of bills. Come out, and I'll show you the hole in the ground."

Well, this here Webb Jackson—you see the Perfessor had a little place on the edge of town which he called a farm, though he never raised much except a few pertaters and things that grew easy, and him and his wife lived there with this darter, Matilda Susan, that I was mentioning. Likely girl, Matilda Susan was, and the Perfessor thought a heap of her.

Had a trotting hoss, too, the Perfessor had. Called her Lady Potash. Just thought the world of her. Good stepper she was, too

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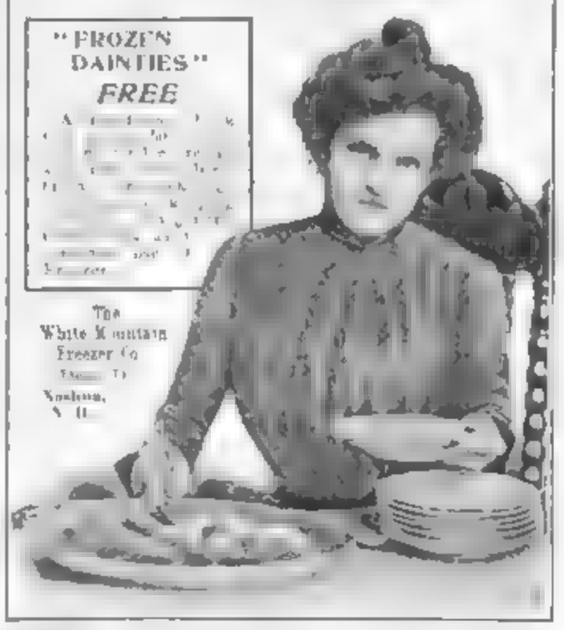

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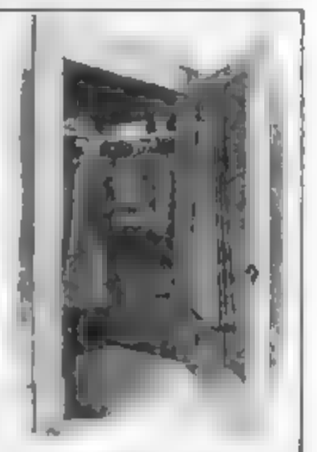

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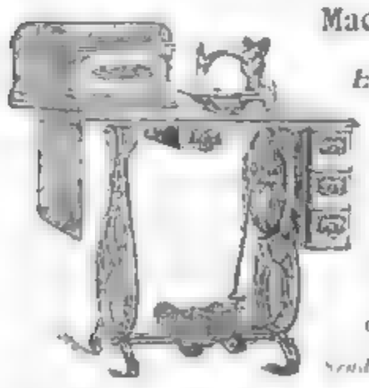

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always broke just as she started on the last quarter, when the jedges was kind of excited placing their bets amongst themselves and wasn't noticing, and she generally gained ten rods. The Perfessor bought Lady Potash the next day after that there pesky meteor chopped off his coat-tails. Doc Ranger used to say hard things about this and ask the Perfessor if he was sure it wasn't the boss that chewed off his coat tails 'stead of that embassy from the interstellar deestricts. Then the Perfessor would look hurt and offer to show Doc the hole. Doc borrowed a badger which Al Doty had caught and took him out to the hole to get his expert opinion on it. The critter didn't say a word, but he went down that hole calmly, and stayed. Then Doc come back and went to sneering again.

Well, as I said, this here Webb Jackson come along hunting for a job. Kind of a likely-looking chap, and the Perfessor hired him to hoe the pertaters and do the other work on the farm, including taking care of Lady Potash. Kept him pretty busy too 'cause the Perfessor never done anything himself, staying in his lab'ratory at his experiments. Had all sorts of queer contraptions in there. Doc Ranger said one day that the revenoo officers ought to be notified. That evening the Perfessor took a big stone jug up to Doc's house and says he: "Do with my compliments. Mebby you can use it in your practice." Doc smells of the cork slow and critical, and then says he: "Perfessor, I can't." Jap Bugerford asked Doc the next day what was in the jug. "Liquid potash," says he.

This Webb Jackson, as I told you, had one peculiarity. Used to walk in his sleep. Says he to the Perfessor the fust day: "Don't get skeered if you see me up spooking 'round some night. Troubled with this here somnambuquism. Sometimes go and do odd jobs like piling wood or pumping water and never know it the next morning. Don't often do it unless I eat mince pie, though, and I've quit pie, so I reckon I won't bother you."

"Oh, that's all right," says the Perfessor. "Leg it 'round all you want to so long's you don't tramp down the garden. Take a night off any time you please—always like to see a hired man enjoy himself."

Then the Perfessor went into his lab'ratory and sot down and begun to think, and this he done three days running. Then he had his wife make six mince pies, and he takes 'em into his lab'ratory, and heats up his retorts, and his crucibowls, and his guillotines, and all sich, and he makes a bottle of double concentrated extract of mince pie. And that night he puts a spoonful in Webb's coffee, and sets up waiting results. 'Bout ten o'clock down comes Webb, all dressed, somnambuquising. The Perfessor takes him by the arm and leads him out gentle and sets him at hoeing them pertaters; and Webb works steady for four hours and then goes back to bed. Next night, same thing. Next same. So on. Sixteen hours' work in day time awake—four hours' work in night asleep. Total, twenty hours' hard labor out of each twenty four.

Well, it run on a month. Webb getting thinner and thinner. Nobody had said a word to it, but 'bout this time up rose Matilda Susan and says she: "Pop, do you 'low it's right wot you're doing with Webb?"

"Well, now, see here, Matilda Susan," says the Perfessor; "I do. That feller is young. He is far from home. There is no father to watch out after him. Sloth is the curse of youth. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. The only hope for a young man is to keep busy. I am doing wot I can to make Webb form habits of industry in his youth. After he finishes hilling up them pertaters I shall put him at building barbed wire fence daytimes and chopping wood while locked in the arms of Morphemus nights. Oh, tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! as the feller said."

Well, I know it ain't a fair shake," says Matilda Susan; "it's wearing him out."

You are mistaken, my darter," says the Perfessor. "He don't miss no sleep—he just makes it count that's all. Hushed by the innocent sleep he gets in some good paying licks on them pertaters. He takes some of his sleep perpendicular and in action, that's the only difference. Sleep, oh, gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse! as the other feller said.

Well, there ain't much more to tell about poor old Perfessor Rumford Bink. His hour had come. He had gone too far. His own flesh and blood turned ag'in' him. A week later he was a wreck. Nobody ever knowed just how it came about. Some thought Webb caught on, and some said it was all Matilda Susan's doings. Anyhow, the Perfessor got up one morning and went out to look around and see if Webb had done up his night's work properly, his intention being to dock his pay if he hadn't. He saw a paper on the barn door, and going closer read these words:

> *My Dear Foster Parents:* Your darter and me have concluded to give Lady Potash a little of this yere gymnastic number which sews up the ripped sleeve of care, as the third feller said. We shall be married at the fust town and move on. You can drown your sorrer in potash. Yours trooly,
>
> W. JACKSON

A glance showed the Perfessor that the hoss and buggy was gone. He went into the house, but Matilda Susan was not there.

As soon as I heard of the old man's troubles I went up to console him, to comfort the afflicted being wot I have always held to be my fust dooty. "Alars, Perfessor," says I, taking both his hands in mine, "alars, it is a cruel blow. I know the love you had for her. I realize how she had twung herself about your heart. Alars."

He looked at me a full minute with dry eyes. Then he put his head on my shoulder, and strong man that he was, bust into tears and sobbed like a child.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Bush," says he, "you know, you know. I am crushed. And she would have trotted inside of three minutes this season sure! Alars!"

It was too much. I am not ashamed to say that my own tears mingled with his'n.

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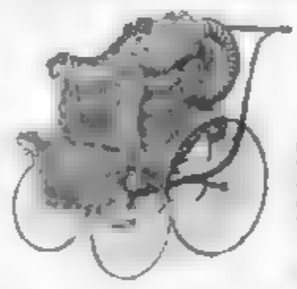

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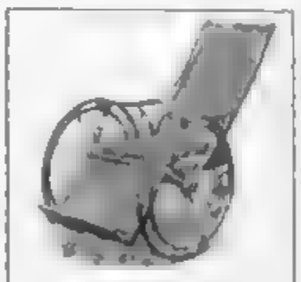

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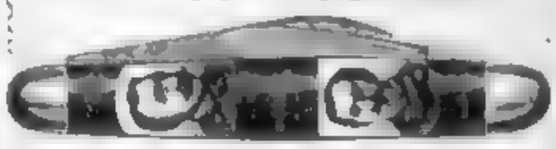

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American Enterprise in English Journalism By W. J. Stillman

I HAVE been asked for my opinion as to the influence of American journalism on that of England, but though engaged for more than twenty years on the chief daily paper of London, my knowledge of the journalism at large of England is not sufficiently great to give me much confidence in the value of my judgment, and I have asked for the opinions of many Englishmen of larger and wider experience than mine.

Though most of the replies I have received are inconclusive, the sum of them is that so far as the mass of journalism is concerned, American journalism has not had much influence.

There seems to be a contrary opinion prevailing amongst American journalists. This opinion appears to me to be based mainly on the fact that there is in the fugitive literature of the day (and nothing is more fugitive than the daily paper), in England as well as in America, an epidemic of personalism, exaggerated to extravagance in a certain class of periodicals, and especially in those which cater to the vanity of people who are of neither intellectual nor moral importance to the community, and who are more avid of notoriety than of eminence; an ambition easily satisfied by a paragraph in the local paper.

The opinion is also based partly on the fact that most newspaper readers are in the same hurry in England as in America.

The English Imitating the American

But this is the disease of our time and civilization, a sort of social and mental (one cannot apply the word intellectual to it) influenza due to the want in the great mass of people of a sane occupation. It infects soonest the rich and the idle—most intensely the rich idle—and as those classes have most rapidly increased in America the malady has soonest assumed the most flagrant type there; and English journalism of a certain class, taking, like the American, the shortest road to dividends and popularity, has also, like the American, found its best market in the foibles of the public and in administering to the morbid condition.

But if this were the only effect of the journalistic enterprise of America it were better to disown it, and fortunately it may be diagnosed as the result of an increasing want of seriousness in modern life. In conversation only a few days ago, with the editor of one of the great English monthlies, the subject of the nature of the contributions to the magazines came up, and he remarked on the diminishing popularity of the essay, and the disappearance of the essayist. He wondered if Macaulay and Lamb, were they to appear now, would find the same cordiality of reception that they had when they lived.

But on thinking over the question later, and without disputing the conclusion we arrived at, there seems to me a better interpretation to be given to the unquestionable fact, in a stronger insistence on the comparative in the statement of it. Popular education, incomplete and necessarily superficial, has brought into existence a multitude of hasty readers of a class which did not exist fifty years ago and to whose reading the froth of our journalism gives itself and to whom the most admirable essay is a bore. And to this class which naturally is of a larger figure in America than in England, a superficial and frivolous journalism caters. But, following the same current, literature at large drifts more or less the same way, and it is becoming impossible to secure a wide reading for the great social problems and difficult even for religious questions, except through novels, and as these tend to serial forms of publication they increase the hold of journalism on the public. Probably if Charles Lamb were now to make his début he would find more readers, numerically though not proportionally, than when he lived, but he would probably be dragged into journalism and would furnish the kind of literature that paid best.

The Origin of Modern Interviewing

The interviewer no doubt holds in American journalism a position which he has not yet, fortunately, attained in England, but he is only one of the parasites which develop on the morbid social condition, where wealth, with its fancied importance, challenges notoriety, feeling itself unworthy of reputation, and asks for its elevation upon a paper pedestal in the columns of some more or less sensational journal; whether daily or weekly does not matter. The interview is, according to the view we take of the question of personal notoriety, the greatest advance or the lowest descent of journalism, and in its audacity it looms larger in America than anywhere else in the world; but this relatively greater importance is no argument for its American activity, though doubtless the example of its intrusion into the reserves of private life may have stimulated the English interviewer to greater boldness.

But a competent witness repudiates its origin on the American side of the Atlantic—like the English language, it has only taken on there a greater freedom from the restraints of propriety and usage.

I think that a large survey of the press of England will satisfy the inquirer that the particular influence alluded to is inappreciable. The journals which in England lead the taste of serious England, like the Times, the Daily News, the Standard, the Post and even the Telegraph, do not in any respect follow the fashions of America; and the great provincial journals of the provinces, like the Manchester Guardian and the Scotsman, are mostly of exemplary sobriety.

Government Control of the Times

The Times, which is more often arraigned for its imputed want of political consistency, and yet more generally recognized as the great journalistic power in the state, is least of all affected by foreign influences, and has a tone as uniform as that of the government of England and obeys the reasons of state as uniformly. As Crispi said of it: it is not merely a journal; it is an institution. It is a huge mass of intellectual organization in which personal influence, other than that of the highest officialism, disappears. People are fond of finding in its columns the opinions of this or that member of its staff, but they are always mistaken—it has no personality. It is intensely hated by extremists, reformers, and men who consider that a journal should always be conducted with primary reference to high moral principles, but when the great interests of England are at stake it is always looked to for a lead. It is attacked as unprincipled, but it is only so as a government is unprincipled, for no country was ever governed by high moral principle, nor could be so. Gladstone made an attempt to do it in certain passages of his political career but came to wreck in it. He hated the Times intensely, and I remember his saying to me that he had never taken it except to read my letters from Montenegro; but the printing without reserve of those letters, which were antagonistic to the Conservative traditions of England, should have convinced him that the Times, when reasons of state permitted, was an extremely liberal paper; and in my experience of it, as a member of its staff for nearly twenty-five years, I have always found it to take the humane and just view of the questions of the day when the high reasons of state or the support of the imperious and imperial interests of England permitted such advocacy. And I think I may say with confidence that the American journalistic influence has never touched it. The large interests of America, so far as they do not come in conflict with those of England, have always, since Delane left it, been supported by it, and its course in the critical moment of the Civil War was dictated by the official view, not by that of its proprietor. The Ministry of the day had decided that the success of the South was in the interest of England, and Delane was the officious voice of the government. If the personal feeling of John Walter had been, as is generally the case with the proprietor of a [illegible] the Times, it would have been on the side of the North.

One of the most experienced journalists of my acquaintance replies to my question as to the influence of American journalism as follows: "For the present, indeed, I am aware, as is everybody, that the English newspaper press is approximating to that of the United States in two particulars: viz., the practice of compelling the attention of readers to the more urgent or popular topics by sub-notes and otherwise, and, what is much more important, by the circulation of personal gossip. No doubt the American

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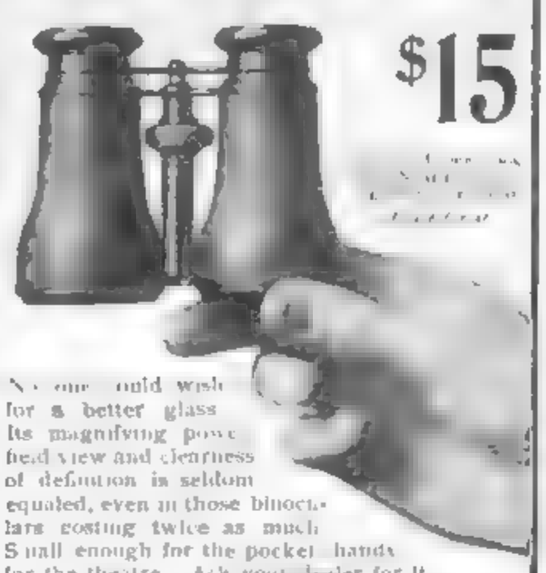

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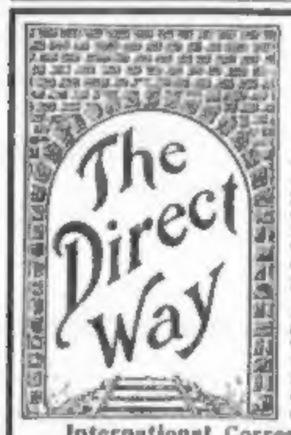

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example has influenced both changes over here to a certain degree."

The Influence of the Press in England

A gentleman who has been connected with one of the most successful ventures in late English journalism writes me: "I never heard that the American press had any influence upon the English press, but I do see that the English press is having a very considerable influence upon that of the United States, the better class journals of that country resembling ours very much. I believe that it is claimed that the system of interviewing is of American origin, but you will find on examination of the files of old English newspapers that it is a practice of considerable antiquity. The shorter leading articles, or editorials as they are called in America, appear to be transatlantic, yet if you spend half an hour in the reading-room of the British Museum you will find that the lengthy leading articles are of comparatively modern British invention. That the press of each of the two countries influences that of the other is very probable, but I do not think that the American novelist influences his British brethren any more than the American journalist influences those on this side of the ocean."

Though I am disposed to accept in part this judgment of the question, I do not think it covers the whole ground, and another letter from a member of the staff of a leading provincial paper distinguished for its earnest liberalism, high standard of political honesty and breadth of view in international matters, seems to be of an admirable impartiality.

"I should say," he writes, "that the best and the worst influences now traceable in the English press are American; that on the one hand there are many English journalists whose wish for the English press is that it should resemble the New York Nation more closely than any English paper yet does; while on the other hand the least reputable traits of such papers as the New York Journal have been much copied of late years in the English press. I fear these are mere truisms; certainly the second is. For myself I attach far greater importance to the less obvious but very powerful influence exerted on the best English journalism by the writing and the journalistic ideals of Mr. Godkin and his colleagues. It seems to me to be one of the strongest and best influences by which the English press has for some time been affected."

This seems to me not only just, but logical. It would appear, *a priori*, impossible that two journalisms employing the same precedents and starting from the same traditions, founded on the same literature and using the same language, based on substantially the same political and moral standards, with the same objects to attain in the healthy evolution of substantially identical political institutions, should not drift in the same direction and to a certain extent exert a reciprocal influence.

The Growth of Unwise Sensationalism

So that if we look for the evidence of the influence of American journalism in the *forms* of the English, we shall only find it in the least serious and least important places—in the direction of the sensational manner of presentation and the calling attention to its wares of the journalism of a day; but for the influence of thought on thought, the deeper leading which we can in nowise follow in the columns of the paper or in the head-lines, we must judge, as we judge of our higher literature, by the approximation to ideals and the ambition of a higher and more just civilization. And to say that Benjamin Franklin, America's first great journalist, has had no permanent influence on the journalism of the whole Atlantic basin, so far as the English language runs in it, is more than I could admit. And we must admit that in another direction, that of the practical part played in the newspaper world by reciprocal personal coöperation, the Americans have given and received liberally. I remember more than one English editor of an American daily, and I have a letter from the manager of the Times in which he said that for its foreign correspondents he had a preference for Americans, for the reason that they were more likely to judge impartially and without national prejudice in foreign affairs than were English correspondents. Certainly the most brilliant journalistic successes of the Bulgarian campaign were due to Americans writing for English journals; and I say this remembering all that Archibald Forbes did.

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A Tale of Swift Action

The reader who likes a novelist to plunge into his story at once and rush breathlessly on to its close, may be recommended to Bertha Runkle's Helmet of Navarre *(The Century Company)*. The young author of that delightful and astonishing book does not pause to draw breath from the first chapter to the last, and does not permit one of her characters five minutes' halt in the mad whirl of adventures that engulf them. Happily but four days intervene from the arrival of Felix Broux in Paris to the rapturous instant when the Compte de Mar clasps his bride in his arms, and the King discreetly withdraws. A week of such life would be warranted to kill men of iron; but we hope the survivors of those four days had the rest of their lives in which to rest and recuperate.

The narrative is a trifle confusing, but that matters little. Everybody plots with and against everybody else, until one's head spins in the vain effort to disentangle the snarl. Everybody fights everybody else at a moment's notice, until the pages ring with the clashing of blades. Everybody is in hourly peril of his life; but the just survive after the admirable fashion of romance, as opposed to the stupid mismanagement of reality. For the first eleven chapters there is no flutter of troublesome petticoats to disturb the purely masculine atmosphere of brawls and offhand murder; then Mademoiselle de Montluc enters, very resplendent in amber satin, and love takes a hand in the game.

Not a trump hand, for all the beauty and spirit of the lady, the vehemence of her suitors, and the dangerous masquerading which lends an air of comedy to the situation, and which will doubtless be a pretty feature of the play when the story is dramatized next winter. The real interest to the reader lies less in a choice of husbands than in a choice of parties; and the central figure of the book is that great leader of the House of Guise, and master of the League and of Paris—the Duc de Mayenne. We have also, in its last chapters, a fine but flitting glimpse of Henry the Fourth; and its title is in some sort warranted by the supreme efforts of the opposing factions in those overwrought days which marked the King's change of religion.

Writers of attenuated realism who refuse conscientiously to let *anything* happen in their novels will be pained by the tumultuous incidents crowded so recklessly into The Helmet of Navarre. They will probably characterize the work as "unveracious," and point out, more in sorrow than in anger, how childish we are to permit ourselves to be amused by such trifling. Meanwhile Miss Runkle's story will be read by thousands of men and women who know little, and care less, about rival schools of fiction, and who heed the warring of critics less than the whistling of the winds. Cooks, soldiers and authors, says Mr. Birrell, must be judged, not by their methods, but by the results obtained.

—Agnes Repplier.

A Novel Out of Real Life

Julien Gordon's Mrs. Clyde *(D. Appleton & Co.)* is not, properly speaking, a novel, nor yet a biography. It is a pleasant, rambling account of a poor but ambitious girl who sold herself to an old man for his money, and who, by so doing, arrived at the goal of her ambition and became a leader of society. Its chief interest is that the book is said to be a true story of the life of a woman, not long dead, who became famous on two continents, and about whose fluent use of speech under provocation or excitement, and whose taste in dress, amusing tales are still told.

But whether viewed as printed gossip or literature, the thoughtful reader, at the close of the book, lays it aside with a singular feeling of compassion—compassion for the lonely, successful, ambitious woman, Mrs. Clyde, who spent her life and her millions for apples of Sodom.

The narrative abounds in bits of brilliant description, such as: "That New England energy which knows no rest until, having performed prodigies in the intoxication of its own fatigue, it breaks suddenly at high-water mark, and leaves wreckage in its wake." And the silhouette of Mrs. Clyde's mother: "Her face was at once gentle and inflexible. One felt that her standards were high and even noble, but that had they been low it would have made no difference; she would forever remain a law unto herself, complaisant. She had the self-assurance of the woman who rules absolutely her own small world; who is deemed strong because she wields sovereignty over her own small community." But being true to the character of the heroine Mrs. Cruger does not embroider Mrs. Clyde with golden virtues she never possessed. Therefore in the whole book there is not one unselfish act which Mrs. Clyde performed; not one noble aim hinted at. Nevertheless, due stress is laid upon the force of character, tactfulness, diplomacy and real sweetness of the woman, while her innate vulgarity Mrs. Cruger has deftly indicated all through her description of Gabriella's low brow, wide mouth and heavy build.

The chief thing about the book is that the author has shown up the under side of things and taken the reader into her own and Gabriella's confidence. It is always interesting "to see the wheels go round." Mrs. Clyde is built on lines which could not fail to win when backed by her power of wealth. For one thing, in a strange degree she lacked vindictiveness. For another she had a saving sense of humor. The humor alone prevented her spirit of forgiveness from being excessive. For a woman of her spirit it was almost vulgar to forgive so freely. Yet her bid for popularity she strengthened in every way by her worldly wisdom.

Scandal might attack those whom she entertained most intimately, but she never permitted a breath upon her own reputation. In this sense her character was remarkable. But the author has shown her skill by indicating from the outset of her book the sure, direct and inevitable end of such an unworthy ambition as her heroine possessed. In spite of Mrs. Clyde's character, wisdom, diplomacy and wealth, she was glad to be envied by one and all. Thus the loneliness of her death-bed—to die without friends or family—was indicated from the first chapter in the book.

The most astonishing fact which is borne home upon the reader is that this powerful woman, with every accessory at her command, never seems to have made one single, strong, unselfish, sacrificing woman friendship, and to the last her enemies were those of her own household. *—Lilian Bell.*

The Vogue of Elizabeth

Some one recently remarked that what was needed for the success of a book at the moment was that it should be love letters, that it should be anonymous, and that its heroine should be called Elizabeth. The book has yet to come which combines the

Some New Spring Books

The Wizard's Knot: William Barry	The Century Company
East London: Sir Walter Besant	The Century Company
The Prince of Illusion: John Luther Long	The Century Company
Old Bowen's Legacy: Edwin Asa Dix	The Century Company
The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide: Augusta Foote Arnold	The Century Company
Dwellers in the Hills: Melville Davisson Post	G. P. Putnam's Sons
German Life in Town and Country: William Harbutt Dawson	G. P. Putnam's Sons
The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert: Edited by Charlotte M. Martin	Charles Scribner's Sons
Your Uncle Lew: Charles Reginald Sherlock	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Prince Rupert, the Buccaneer: Cutcliffe Hyne	Frederick A. Stokes Company
A Maryland Manor: Frederic Emory	Frederick A. Stokes Company
From a Swedish Homestead: Selma Lagerlöf	McClure, Phillips & Co.
Sir Christopher: Maud Wilder Goodwin	Little, Brown & Co.
Poor Boys' Chances: John Habberton	Henry Altemus Company
The Son of Amram: Rev. G. Monroe Royce	Thomas Whittaker
The Devil's Plough: Anna Farquhar	L. C. Page & Co.
John Henry: Hugh McHugh	G. W. Dillingham Company
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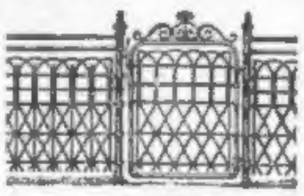

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qualities of An Englishwoman's Love Letters, Elizabeth and her German Garden, and The Visits of Elizabeth. But a book which Mr. Joseph Hatton hinted at lately as possible has one of the requisites, and the mere suggestion of it rouses the curiosity of two continents.

The Love Letters of Charles Dickens exist, a boxful of them. It seems that a friend of Mrs. Dickens used sometimes to suggest to her that her late husband's letters would make a wonderfully popular volume. But the lady only smiled at the suggestion.

Most people know that the Miss Mary Angela Dickens whose name they occasionally see upon the title pages of novels is a granddaughter of the novelist. She does not devote her whole time to literature, however; at least not in that way. She is the proprietor of an establishment for typewriting and copying in London, and a good share of the new novels and plays passes through her hands.

Novelists and High Life

The public is being extensively assured that The Visits of Elizabeth were really made to the most fashionable of country houses in England and France. It may possibly be questioned just how much profit it is to the ordinary American reader to possess accurate and reliable information concerning the smart European set, but, however that may be, the accurate information is to be found in Mrs. Glyn's book, and considerable amusement besides. The charming frontispiece to the volume, which we are to suppose is meant as a portrait of Elizabeth, should be a kind of guarantee that the book is reliable. For it is a portrait, only very slightly altered, of Lady Angela Forbes, whose name is almost always, as George Ade would say, "among those present."

It is curious, when one comes to think of it, how very few English novelists are capable of writing of fashionable English life from any real experience of it. Dukes and duchesses abound in novels, and it is probable that in most cases the authors have at least met a specimen of the class to be depicted. You could scarcely live in England without at least doing that. But knowing is a different matter, and it must be admitted that English authors as a class do not have the *entrée* to the smart set. This leaves out of account the yearly crop of fashionable amateurs in whose stories the information is accurate enough, but whose lack of skill in writing prevents the net results from being worth much. The novelists of position who could write authoritatively of society may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Stupidity in the Admiralty

Mr. Julian Corbett may be said to have established himself as an authority on the history of the British Navy. He was already known as the author of two fine volumes on Drake and the Tudor Navy and he has just published Successors of Drake. In connection with this work there is a little story which is worth repeating. It is all very well to be an authority on the history of the Navy, and to have written the lives of its famous admirals, but there is one place where you must not expect your position to be recognized or the facts of history to be known—that is the British Admiralty. A while ago Mr. Corbett wrote to the Admiralty to suggest that a new first-class battleship then building be christened "Drake." A formal intimation that his letter had been received and should have due attention was followed, after a decent interval, by a dignified reply from My Lords, in which they expressed their regret at not being able to carry out Mr. Corbett's suggestion, and explained that it would be contrary to precedent to name a first-class battleship after a bird.

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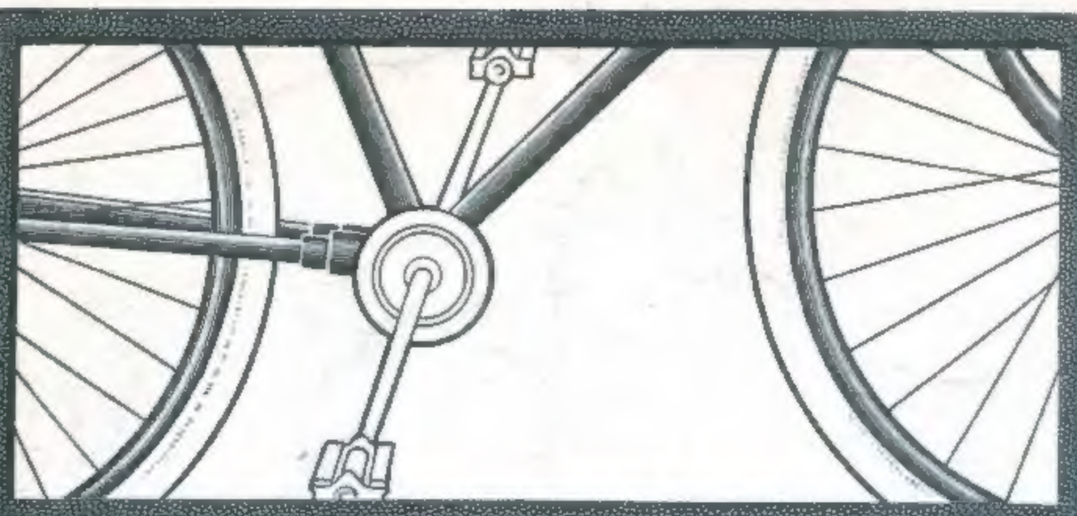

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